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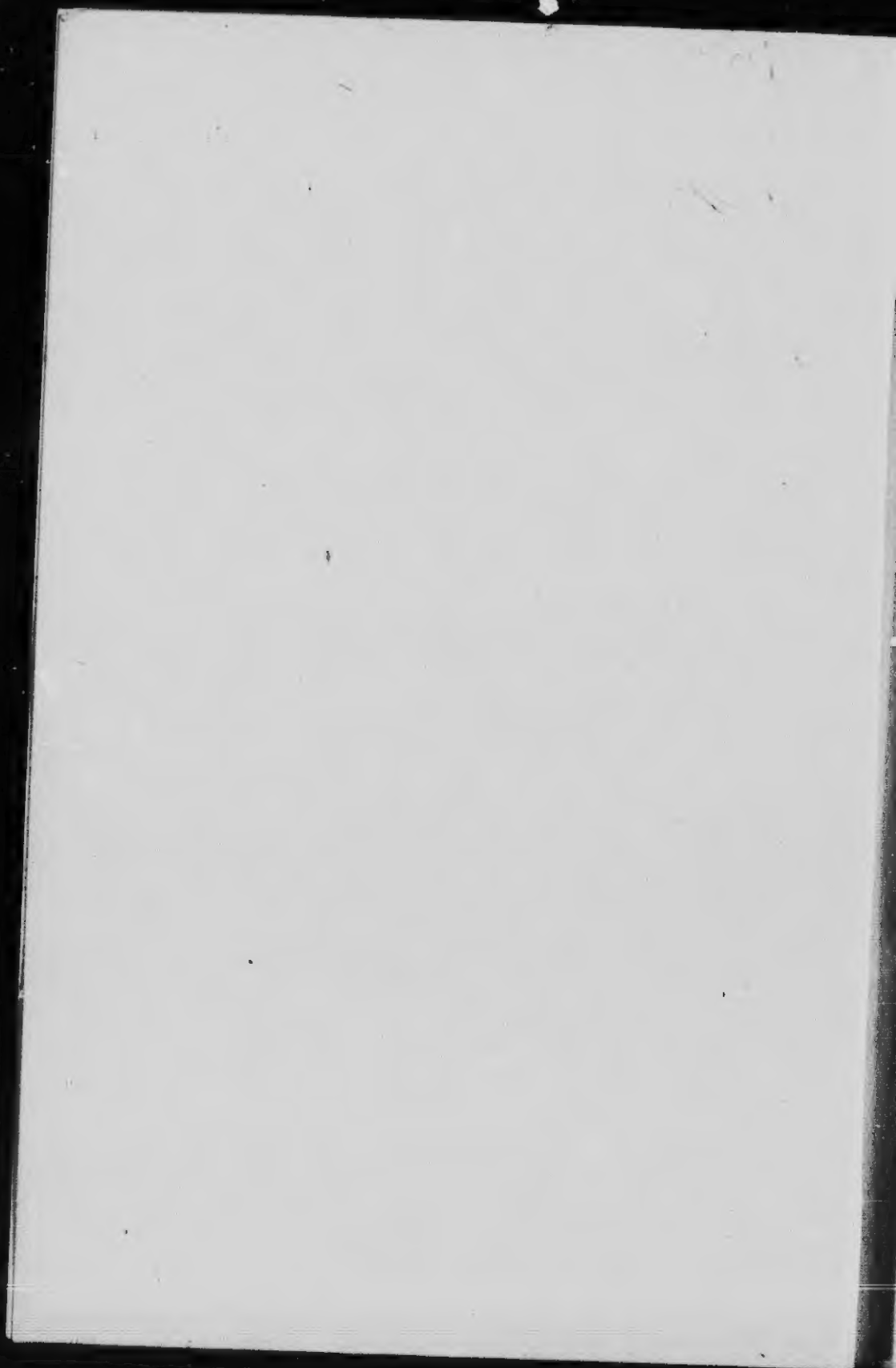
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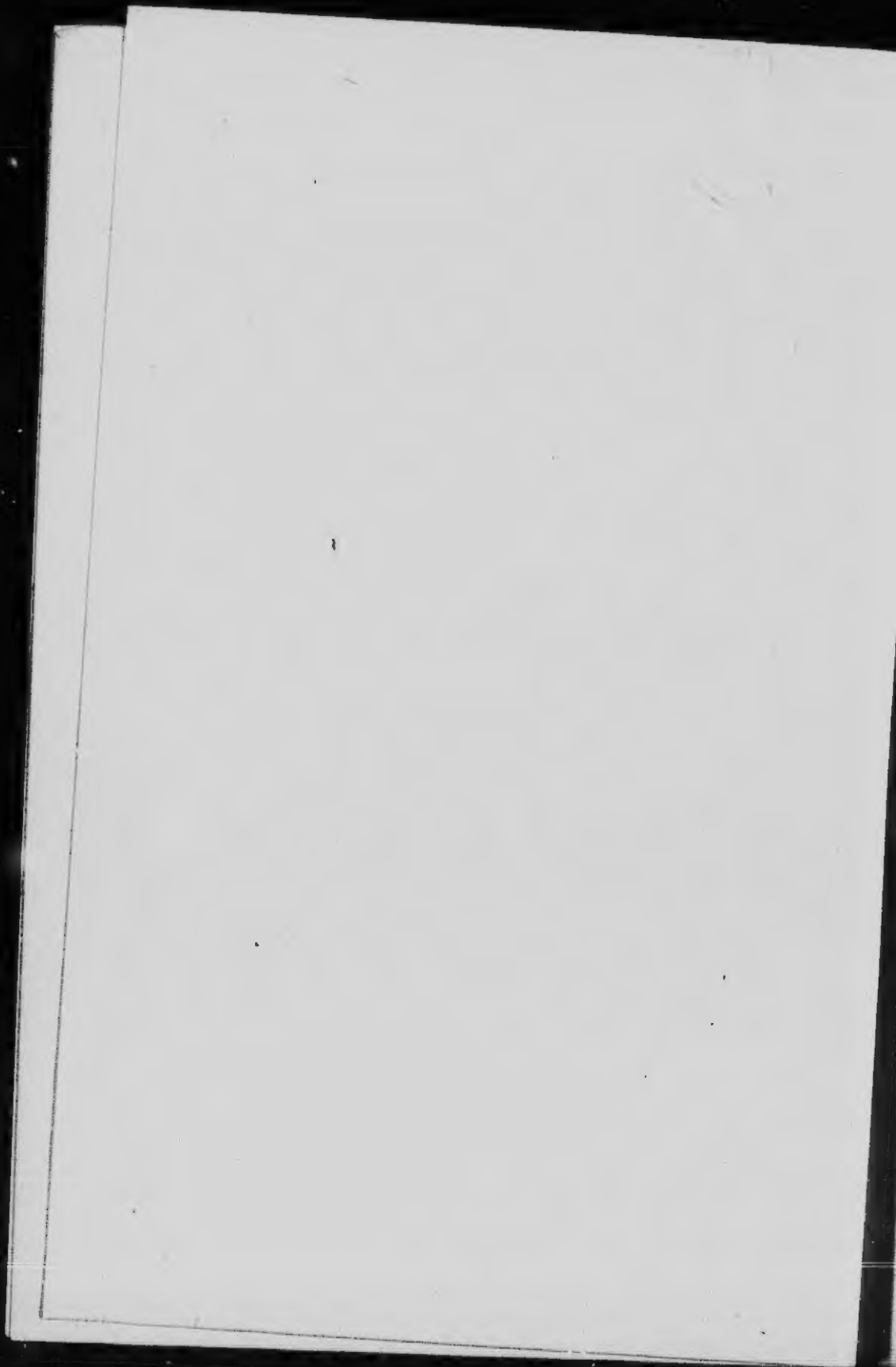
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*POLICEMAN
FLYNN*







" 'Ye luk it,' replied Mrs. Flynn."

[See page 62.]

POLICEMAN FLYNN

BY

ELLIOTT FLOWER



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Frederic Dorr Steele



TORONTO
THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED

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ONE
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*Respectfully Dedicated to
"The Good and Faithful Servant"
of whom Little is Heard
to whom Much is Due*

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I

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*HE OBJECTS TO
PROMOTION*

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CHAPTER I

HE OBJECTS TO PROMOTION

THAT Policeman Barney Flynn is still Patrolman Flynn is due entirely to himself. Others are patrolmen because they cannot be sergeants or lieutenants or captains; Flynn is one from choice. He is probably the only man on "th' foorce" who, having been promoted, has made a special and earnest plea to be "ray-^d-oced to th' r-ranks," as he himself put it. In this he is unique, but in many other respects he is typical of a certain class of policemen of whom the inhabitants of a city hear little. He is resourceful and honest; if he were not it is probable more would be heard of him in the newspapers and the police reports. A few rascally men on a police force can do a world of harm to the reputation of the whole body, and if they attain

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high rank they can demoralize a good part of it. Integrity is so important in those to whom is intrusted the enforcement of the law that there is a natural tendency to magnify the evils that are seen to exist, and the department is gauged by the worst rather than the best that is to be found in it. The men of the rank and file, as a rule, are faithful, earnest and reasonably clever. So, if Policeman Barney Flynn does not seem to you typical, you may rest assured it is because you know little of the police departments of the great cities. It is the spectacular that gets in the lime-light of publicity, and faithfulness, perseverance and honesty are not often spectacular, so we hear more of things we admire less; and, hearing more of them, we gain the idea that they are the predominating features of modern life.

True, Policeman Flynn may be more resourceful than some of his brother officers, and he may have more of hard-headed common sense, but he is no more conscientious than the great majority of them. Like them he has many faults, not the least of which is a desire to have as easy and comfortable a life as possible, but he acts always according to his best judg-

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ment, and he defends his acts with rare philosophy when they are assailed. For instance, it might be charged against him that he has made fewer arrests than any other man of his length of service, and this would carry weight in quarters where a policeman's usefulness is judged solely by the number of prisoners he brings in. But there are men of experience who will insist that this is not a true gauge of merit, and Policeman Flynn is one of them. He does not like to make arrests; he does not deem it necessary in instances where others do.

"'T is a nuisance," he says, "to be dhraggin' ye-er man to th' station an' thin be afther gettin' into coort th' nex' day to prosy-cute him. Sind him home whin ye can; that 's me wa-ay iv doin' it. 'T is easy done if he have money in his pocket to pay f'r th' cab." And as Policeman Flynn for many years had a night beat in a district frequented by the gilded youth and others who celebrate "not wisely but too well," his opinion has weight.

"I 'll not go home," once retorted a young man who had received good advice from him.

"Ye 'll not?" returned Policeman Flynn, in a tone of mild astonishment.

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"No, I won't; and I'd like to know what you 're going to do about it. You can run me in if you want to."

"R-run ye in!" repeated Flynn. "Oho! D' ye think I 'm lookin' f'r a chanst to make throuble f'r mesilf? I 'll do nawthin' iv th' kind."

"Then what will you do?" demanded the obstreperous youth, defiantly.

"I 'll jump on ye," responded Policeman Flynn. "'T is easier done, an' it 'll give wor-rk for the ambylance instid iv th' hurry-up wagon."

As the policeman is an exceedingly active man, who could jump high and come down hard, the argument ended there, and the young man moved on.

It will be seen from this that Policeman Flynn's methods are peculiarly his own—except when they are his wife's. She has prompted him in many ways, has given him various valuable suggestions when he stood in need of them, and he is always quite ready to let her have all the credit due her. "F'r a woman," he is accustomed to say when speaking of her, "she do be th' gr-reatest ma-an I iver see. 'T is her that 's more injane-yus than th' whole

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"D' ys think I'm lookin' f'r a chanst to make throuble
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polis board, and many 's th' fine tip she 's give to me, though 't is a mighty onpleasant way she have iv doin' it sometimes." At any rate, Policeman Flynn and his wife, between them, made an excellent record on his beat. It is not the policeman who makes the most arrests who is necessarily of the greatest value, and in this instance order was maintained with less friction and fewer cases on the docket than ever before.

That was why Policeman Flynn was finally made a sergeant. He had faithfully performed his duty for many years in many parts of the city, and the marks against him were few and far between. He had been a crossing policeman, he had "traveled beat" in a residence section of the city, he had had his nerve tested in a really tough district, and wherever tried he had been found equal to all emergencies. But it was on a "Tenderloin beat" that he had been most successful. Every large city has its "Tenderloin beats," and they are the ones that call for the exercise of the most tact and judgment on the part of the night patrolman. To this he returned after a brief experience as a sergeant and a few encounters with politicians.

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His promotion was held to be deserved, and there was not a man who knew him who was not pleased when the announcement was made. But Sergeant Flynn shook his head doubtfully. "Sergeant Flynn!" he repeated to himself. "Listen to that, now! 'Tis not th' same ol' Barney at all; but th' good woman says 't is right, an' I 'll make a pla-ay at it." He did, for one whole week. Then he asked to be reduced to the ranks again. "'Tis not to me likin'," he explained. "I 'm not ma-ade to be betther thin annywan else. I can't sthand f'r th' say-lutin' an' th' flimflammin' an' all that. I have no fri'nds anny more. Ivery man I like has to treat me with ray-spict, an' 't is no spoort f'r me. Whin I says, 'Hullo, Patsy, ol' bye!' to wan iv the men, an' am lookin' f'r an answer in kind, he up an' say-lutes me an' says, 'Good aver'in', sergeant; I beg lave to ray-poort that I jist chased two gazabos down th' alley.' Oh, 't is no job f'r me. I niver was made f'r a soo-peer-yer man, niver at all. Put me back on me ol' job where I can have me fri'nds again."

"Is that your only complaint, sergeant?" asked the chief.

"Listen to that, now! Dhrop it, will ye?"

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Dhrop it an' call me 'Barney' or jist plain 'Flynn.'"

"Well, is that your only complaint, Flynn?"

"M-m-m, well," replied Sergeant Flynn, drawing his hand thoughtfully across his mouth and chin, "I don't mind tellin' ye, private an' confidential, that I'm missin' thim little pa-aper see-gar judes that 's been makin' so much throuble f'r me, an' th' fellies that don't want to go home, an' all th' rist iv th' Tenderline gazabos. I don't seem to get used to bein' without throubles iv some kind. 'T is too easy bein' a sergeant, an' I don't shleep nights f'r thinkin' iv dhrawing m. pa-ay without wor-rkin' f'r it. An' thin, bechune oursilves, 't is not me nature to be watchin' the b'ys an' sindin' thim to th' thrial boord f'r derry-lickshun iv juty. Whin I see wan iv thim takin' a little nip on th' shly, it ma-akes me wish I was bor-rn blind—it does so."

"How would you like to be the mayor's private policeman?" asked the chief.

"Oho! Privit po-lisman to his nibs!" exclaimed Sergeant Flynn. "'T w'u'd be a fine job. What 's th' char-acter iv th' wor-rk?"

"Oh, you 'd be a sort of doorkeeper, and

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have the task of keeping the applicants for office and for political and other favors of all sorts in order while they 're waiting to see him. If you 're looking for something to do, there 's a job that will keep you busy."

"M-m-m, well," returned Sergeant Flynn, slowly, "'t is a shtep in th' right direction." But he left the chief's office solemnly shaking his head.

"'T is all right f'r thim that likes it," he explained afterward, "but th' chop-houses is all on me ol' Tinderline beat."

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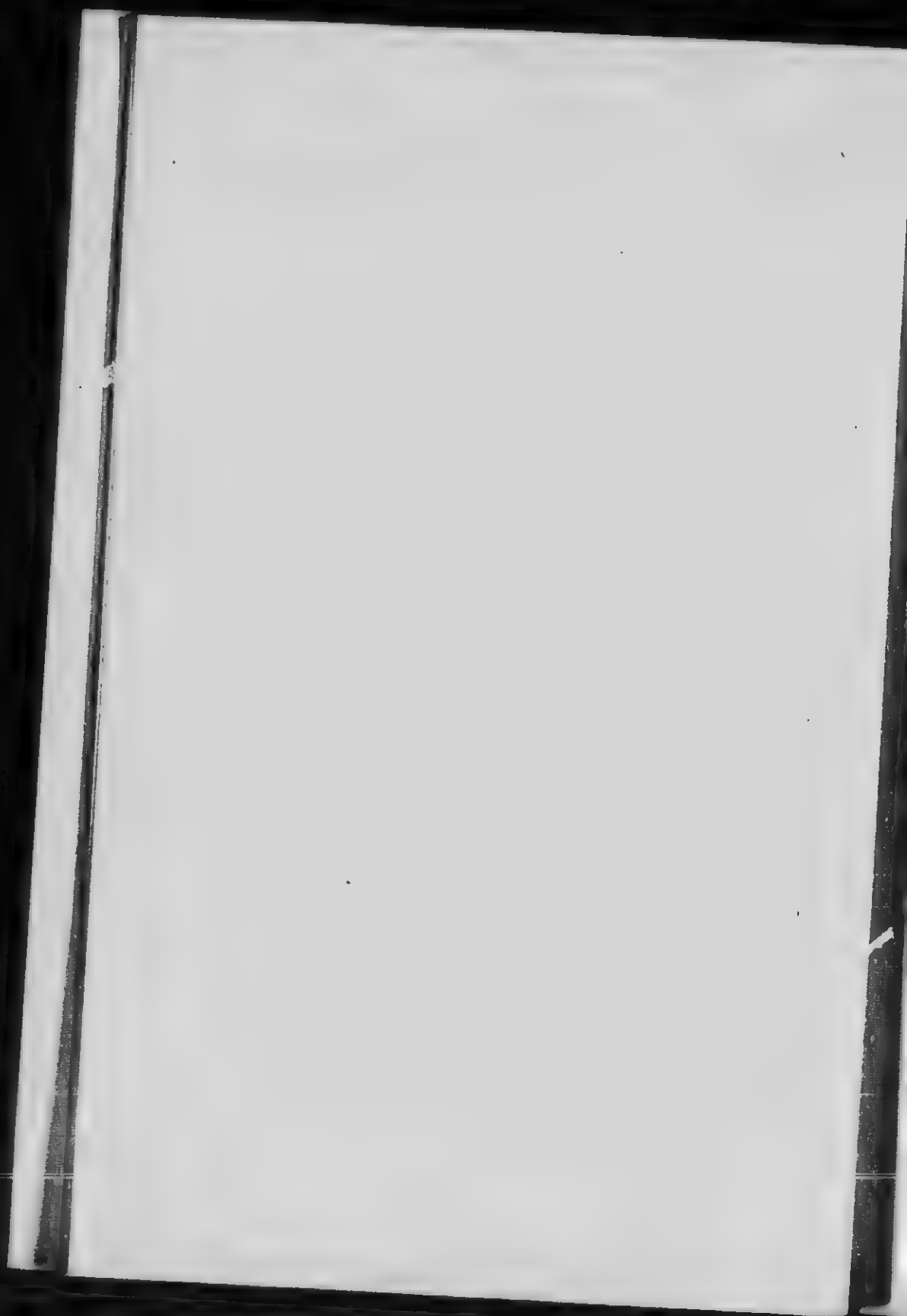
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II

HE IS WORRIED BY
POLITICIANS



CHAPTER II

HE IS WORRIED BY POLITICIANS

"**T**HERE do be three gr-rades iv liars," said Policeman Flynn, in a burst of confidence, to his wife.

"To which iv thim do ye belong, Barney?" she inquired solicitously.

"G'wan, now!" retorted Policeman Flynn. "Ye 'll be provokin' me to thry to sell ye to a comic pa-aper, ye will that. 'T is no joke I'm tellin' ye. There do be three gr-rades iv liars in this wor-rld. First ye have th' common liar, an' 't is easy carin' f'r him. Nixt ye have th' artistic liar, who can dhress a lie up to ray-simble th' truth, so 's ye have to look f'r th' shtrawberry ma-ark on th' lift 'ar-rm to tell which is th' other. An' thin ye have th' politician, th' gr-reatest liar iv thim all."

Policeman Flynn shook his head solemnly

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as he gave expression to this great truth. He had had experience, and he knew whereof he spoke. He had been the mayor's special policeman for two weeks.

"Th' common liar," he went on, "lies f'r th' fun iv it, th' art' ic liar lies f'r a pur-rpose, an' th' politician lies because 't is his nature to. Poor felly ! he do be built that wa-ay.

" 'I wa-ant to see his nibs,' says th' politician to me, doin' th' rush act an' thryin' to go by me.

" 'Ye cannot,' says I.

" 'I 'll have ye-er ba-adge,' says he. 'Me cousin was a shchoolmate iv his nibs, an' I do be bringin' him news he 'll be gla-ad to ha-ave. Ye 'll see him fa-all on me neck th' minute he sees me.'

" So I lets the gazabo in, but does his nibs fa-all on his neck ? Oho ! well, if he does, it do be with an ax, an' me own neck feels th' whir iv th' wind."

" Ser-rves ye right," commented Mrs. Flynn. "Ye have no sinse at all, Barney. 'T is ye-er juty to do what ye 're told an' l'ave others to do th' thinkin'."

" Listen to that, now ! " exclaimed Policeman

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Flynn. "Oho! but ye 're a sma-art woman. That 's what his nibs says to me. 'Do as ye 're told, Barney,' he says, 'an' l'ave me to do th' thinkin' f'r th' office. That ma-an c'u'd n't get ye-er ba-adge in a million years, but I can ha-ave it anny day I r-reach f'r it.' An' 't w'u'd be all r-right, only his nibs do be a politician, too."

"Take him at his wor-rd, anyhow," advised Mrs. Flynn.

"I did so," returned Policeman Flynn, "an' f'r two da-ays me ba-adge was like to dhrup off me coat, it hung so loose. 'T was all along iv another politician.

"'I 'll be afther seein' th' may'r,' he says, important-like.

"'Ye 'll not,' says I.

"'Ye don't re-cognize me,' says he.

"'I do not,' says I.

"'Me fa-ace sh'u'd be familiar to ye,' says he.

"'Mebbe 't w'u'd be,' says I, 'if I 'd lukked in th' r-rogues' gal'ry iv late.'

"With that his nibs, hearin' voices, comes out an' gra-abs th' felly be th' hand an' takes him in an' threats him like he was th' only fri'nd

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he had in th' wor-rld. An' when th' fell'ys gone, his nibs comes to me, an' says, 'Don't ye know him?'

" 'I do not,' says I.

" 'He carries two wa-ards in his inside pocket,' says his nibs.

" 'Mebbe,' says I, 'that's what spoils th' fit iv his coat.'

" 'Niver tur-rn down a ma-an like that,' says his nibs, payin' no attintion to me little joke.

" 'How 'll I tell thim apa-art?' says I.

" 'Use ye-er head,' says his nibs.

" 'I thought,' says I, 'ye tol' me ye 'd do th' thinkin' f'r this office ye-ersilf; an' besides,' I says, 'I niver took a coorse in mind-r-readin'; 't was overlooked.'

" 'An' there ye are,' continued Policeman Flynn. "On me ol' beat I had to deal with th' common liars an' th' artistic liars, but th' politicians was out iv it. Now 't is only th' politicians, an' I w'ud n't thrust wan iv thim to tell his own na-ame. D' ye know, if wan iv thim iver came to me an' said, 'I 'm afther a job from his nibs,' I 'd faint away, I w'u'd so. Th' shock iv findin' so much honesty in wan lump among th' gazabos that come to th' City

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Hall w'u'd near kill me. But 't is not their wa-ay.

" 'I must see him,' says wan. 'I 'm his family docther.'

" 'Where 's ye-er tool-chist?' says I, knowin' a docther always carries wan.

" 'He told me to call,' says another.

" 'An' he tol' me to lay f'r ye whin ye come,' says I.

" Oho! I 'm good at re-partee, but 't is like to get me into throuble, f'r th' wan I turn down th' ha-ardest is always th' only wan I ought to have passed in. Some iv thim come ivery da-ay an' wait an' wait an' wait, an' they gra-ab fellies goin' in an' comin' out, an' thry to get their infloo'nce. I 'd be sorry f'r thim if it was n't f'r wan thing."

" What 's that? " asked Mrs. Flynn.

" Why don't they wor-rk f'r a livin' instead iv wor-rkin' f'r a job? 'T is less disappointin', an' no ha-arder whin ye get used to it. But th' job 's too much f'r me. I 'm goin' back on th' beat again."

" F'r why? " asked Mrs. Flynn.

" Well, 't was this wa-ay," explained Policeman Flynn, " I 'd been scr-rappin' with tin or

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ilivin fellies that wa-anted to see his nibs whin his nibs did n't wa-ant to see thim, an' along comes a little gazabo that 's so thin an' pale ye 'd think he 'd blow away. But, f'r all that, he carries himself in a soopeer-yer wa-ay, an' me feelin' wr-rong annyhow.

" 'I ray-ceived wor-rd,' says he, 'that somebody wants to see me here.'

" ' 'T is likely so,' says I, with sa-arcasm, f'r that 's th' ol' gag.

" 'I think 't is th' may'r,' says he, 'although th' wor-rd brought me was not plain on that.'

" 'I think 't is not,' says I. 'I think, from th' looks iv ye, that th' ma-an who wants ye is in th' corner office on th' floor below.'

" With that he goes away, and whin he comes back he tur-rns out to be wan iv the biggest taxpayers in th' city, an' a ma-an that ivery wan jumps r-round f'r; an' back I go on th' beat again. But 't is me ol' chop-house beat, thank Hiven! Oho! but mebbe he was n't mad!"

"Where was it ye 'd sint him, Barney?"

"Why," replied Policeman Flynn, nonchalantly, "I sint th' little bloodless divil to th' coroner's office, to be sure."

III

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*HE VIOLATES AN
ORDINANCE*

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CHAPTER III

HE VIOLATES AN ORDINANCE

THERE was a persistent *pop, pop, pop* in the alley back of Policeman Barney Flynn's house, and Mrs. Flynn put her head out of the kitchen door to see what was the matter.

"What are ye doin' out there, Barney?" she asked.

"A bit iv ta-ar-get-practisin'," answered Policeman Flynn carelessly. This was shortly after he first donned the police uniform, and, while he was an enthusiast, he did not deem it wise to appear in that light before his wife.

"Ta-ar-get-practisin'," repeated Mrs. Flynn. "D' ye know what ye 're doin'?"

"Iv coorse I do," replied Policeman Flynn, sharply. "I tol' ye wanst."

"Ye 're a new ma-an on th' foorce," com-

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mented Mrs. Flynn, "an' ye think ye 've got to be blazin' away at ivery door in th' wa-ard. Tell me, now, is n't there an orjinance ferninst shootin' in th' city limits?"

At this Policeman Flynn thoughtfully scratched his head.

"R-right ye are," he said at last, "but 't is f'r th' gazabo without th' shtar that th' orjinance was ma-ade."

"Does ye-er book tell ye that?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

Policeman Flynn pulled a summary of the principal ordinances and the rules and regulations of the department from his pocket, and looked it through slowly and carefully.

"Does it tell ye," demanded Mrs. Flynn again, "that an officer iv th' la-aw can ma-ake a shootin'-gal'ry iv th' alley bechune his house an' th' wan nixt behind it?"

"It does not," admitted Policeman Flynn, regretfully.

"Does n't it tell ye to arrist th' ma-an that shoots in th' city?"

"Mary, I 'll not lie to ye," answered Policeman Flynn, after a moment of reflection; "it says that sa-ame."

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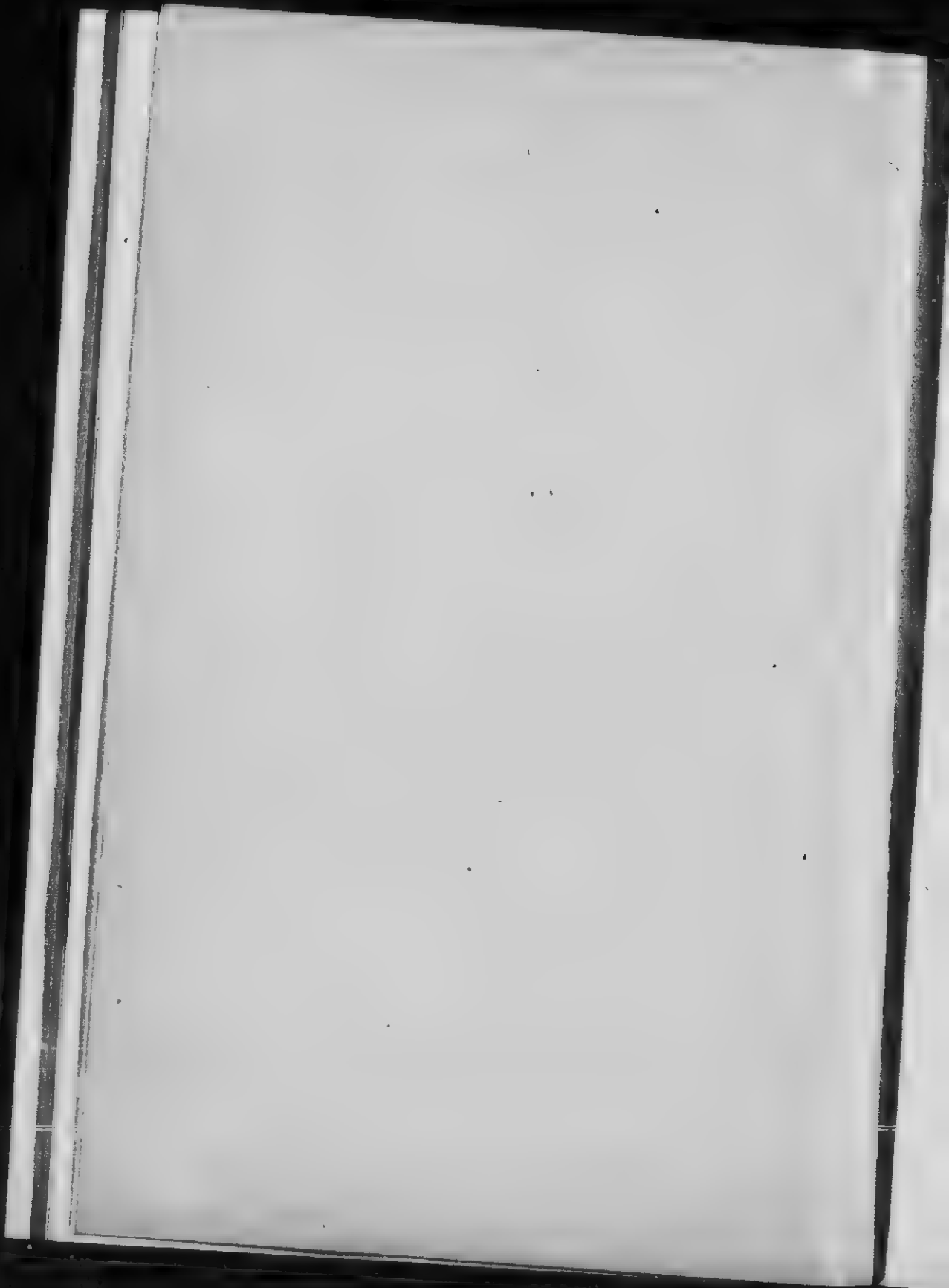
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"What are ye doin' out there, Barney?"



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"Thin 't is f'r you, Barney Flynn," asserted Mrs. Flynn decisively, "to ta-ake ye-ersilf to th' station an' cha-arge ye-ersilf with disord'rly conduct."

Policeman Flynn winced. The reasoning was clear, but he objected to the conclusion.

"I ray-fuse," he said at length, "to go with mesilf."

"Ray-fuse to go, is it?" cried Mrs. Flynn. "Here ye are caught be ye-ersilf vi'latin' an or-jinance, an' ye ray-fuse f'r to be arristed. Barney, ye 'll be afther havin' th' cha-arge iv raysistin' an officer put ferninst ye-er na-ame, too. 'T is f'r you to bat ye-ersilf on th' head with ye-er club an' jerk ye-ersilf off to th' station whether ye will or no."

"'T w'u'd be a sha-ame, Mary," protested Policeman Flynn, "f'r me, bein' th' fri'nd to mesilf that I am, to be that r-rough with mesilf. Ye 'd not have me too ha-ard on a fri'nd, w'u'd ye?"

"Derry-lickshun iv juty it is!" ejaculated Mrs. Flynn. "I can see ye, Barney, walkin' th' ca-arpet in th' Capt'in's office, an' he tellin' ye something iv juty an' fri'ndship, an' that ye 're laid off foor da-ays without pay."

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"Annyhow," persisted the policeman, "I 'm not shtrong enough f'r to arrist mesilf. 'T is too tough a job. I 'm a desp'rit ma-an whin I 'm r-roused, Mary, an' 't is not th' likes iv me nor annywan ilse that can lay th' ha-and iv th' law on mesilf without havin' f'r to go f'r a docther."

"I see ye now. Oh, I see ye now, Barney," went on Mrs. Flynn. "I see ye r-readin' a notice on th' boord at th' station, an' it says that Barney Flynn is discha-arged from th' foorce f'r cow'rdice. That 's what it says, Barney, an' it says more. It says that Barney Flynn is cha-arged with disord'ly conduct, an' shootin' in th' city limits, an' raysistin' an officer, an' corruptin' th' foorce be wor-rkin' th' fri'ndship r-racket, an' that anny officer meetin' him will call th' wagon an' r-run him in."

Policeman Flynn gave every evidence of being worried, as he hastily put his revolver back in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, "no wan saw me doin' iv it."

"I saw ye, Barney," returned his relentless wife.

"But ye w'u'd n't be afther gettin' th' only

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husband ye ha-ave in throuble," argued the policeman. "Ye w'u'd n't do that, now w'u'd ye, Mary?"

"As a husband, Barney, I like ye," said the diplomatic Mrs. Flynn, "but as a po-lis officer ye ha-ave no r-ri^g f'r to be askin' favors iv me. 'T is me juty to ray-poort anny officer that does wr-rong."

"Ye sh'u'd luk on me as a husband, Mary," urged the policeman.

"Not whin ye 're ta-arget-practisin'," answered Mrs. Flynn with decision. "Whin ye 're doin' what I wa-ant ye f'r to do ye 're a husband, an' wan iv th' bist I iver see; but whin ye 're foolin' with a gun ye 're a po-lis officer."

Policeman Flynn heaved a deep sigh.

"Mary," he said, "ye wa-anted me f'r to do a little job iv wor-rk in th' house while I 'm off juty."

"I did," she answered, "an' ye said ye had n't th' time."

"I 've cha-anged me mind," asserted Policeman Flynn with another sigh. "'T is a tight hole I got mesilf in, Mary, an' me head is shwimmin' with all th' troubles an' th' r-rules.

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'T is likely a little wor-rk 'll ma-ake things easier f'r me."

"'T is likely it will," retorted Mrs. Flynn grimly; and Policeman Flynn put aside his official dignity and tackled the plebeian task of mending a wash-tub, meanwhile muttering to himself something about a woman who had "a reg'lar la-awyer's head on her."

IV

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*HE SUPPRESSES
ANARCHY*

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CHAPTER IV

HE SUPPRESSES ANARCHY

ON a beat to which Policeman Barney Flynn was once assigned there was a most troublesome character. He was dangerous or harmless, according to the point of view. If he had been deprived of his tongue he certainly would have been harmless, for in the matter of physical prowess he was about as meek and unassuming a man as one could well find. If he had had a brain at all commensurate with his linguistic powers he also would have been harmless, or perhaps even a power for good. The trouble apparently lay in the fact that, when he was made, his brain was constructed on a wrong plan, and even then was not entirely completed. So he had a grudge against the world and was able to convince himself that he was justified in airing it.

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Policeman Flynn saw a crowd gathered about him one day, and listened to the harangue for a few minutes. Then he gently elbowed his way to the man's side and suggested, "Ye betther be movin' along."

"This is a free country," retorted the man.

"R-right ye are," answered Policeman Flynn.

"'T is as free f'r ye to l'ave as it is f'r ye to come to. Niver a ma-ah is holdin' ye."

The man moved on. He said something about "the minions of the law" and the "bloodhounds of monopoly," but something in the expression of Policeman Flynn's face convinced him that it was wise to move on. Still, he lived in that vicinity, and it was not his nature to remain long quiet. So a few days later Flynn found him holding forth in the same strain again, and again he forced him to move on. But the policeman was troubled.

"'T is ha-ard to know what to do," he told his wife. "He do be ma-akin' a lot of throuble an' shtirrin' up a lot iv the ign'rant gazabos, but if I r-run him in 't will ma-ake a martyr iv him, no liss; an' thin," he added with a sigh, "I 'd be at the nuisance iv appearin' ag'in' him

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in coort, an' what w'u'd I sa-ay to th' judge?
Oho! I think I see mesilf.

" 'This la-ad,' says I to th' judge, 'is shoot-
in' off his mouch an' sayin' ha-ard things ag'in
th' governmint.'

" 'D' ye think?' says th' judge to me, 'this
gr-reat governmint is afraid iv th' idle vapor-
in's iv wan misguided wr-retch? 'T is the
worryin' iv thim kind iv min that br-rings thim
to notice an' ma-akes thim dangerous. L'ave
thim alone an' no wan 'll notice thim.'

" Thin th' pa-apers come out an' ta-alk iv th'
policy iv ray-prission accordin' to th' Rooshian
pla-an an' th' ha-arm that's done be it. An'
afther that 't is Barney Flynn on th' carpet in
th' capt'in's office f'r ma-akin' a fool iv him-
silf."

" Well, why don't ye l'ave him alone, thin?"
demanded Mrs. Flynn.

" Oho! there ye are with ye-er wise wor-rds,"
retorted Policeman Flynn. " Ye know it all,
iv coorse ye do. If ye only had a shtar an' a
book iv r-rules ye 'd be a whole po-lis foorce.
I niver hear-rd iv a woman sittin' at home
mindin' th' shtockin's that c'u'd n't settle ivery
pr-roblem iv th' da-ay. I 'll lay ye tin to wan

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whin th' Prisidint iv this gr-reat counthry comes in to dinner afther a ha-ard da-ay's wor-rk an' says, 'I'm havin' a bit iv throuble gettin' that threaty through th' Sinit th' wa-ay I want it,' his wife luks at him schornful-like an' tells him, 'If I was a ma-an I'd put it through in wan da-ay.' Oho! 't is easy settlin' the gr-reat affairs in th' dinin'-room. 'L'ave him alone,' says you. Sup-pose I do; what thin? Why, afther a bit mebbe somethin' goes wr-rong or a dinnymite bum is found an' ivery wan is shcared. 'T is the fault iv th' po-lis,' they says. 'They ha-ave been givin' too much liberty to th' dangerous char-acters. Why, this felly,' says they, 'has been havin' it all his own wa-ay over on Pathrolman Flynn's beat. He sh'u'd have been ray-prissed at th' beginnin'.' An' so I'm on th' carpet ag'in f'r derry-lickshun iv juty. I tell ye, Mary, ye get it goin' an' comin'."

Having thus explained the troubles that beset official life in a way that will be appreciated by men in much higher positions, Policeman Flynn prepared to drop the subject in order to give his exclusive attention to his pipe and his paper. But Mrs. Flynn was not at the end of her resources.

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"Why don't ye ha-ave a ta-alk with him?" she asked. "Ye might tell him th' throuble he 's makin' ye."

This seemed so absurd to Policeman Flynn that he only laughed. Nevertheless, the idea took root, and one day, when opportunity offered, he opened a conversation with the anarchist.

"I sup-pose," he remarked, "that 't is no use discussin' th' matter with ye, but don't ye see ye 're wr-rong, an' ye 're only makin' throuble f'r ye-ersilf an' f'r me?"

"I have a right to my views," asserted the anarchist.

"Sure ye ha-ave," admitted Policeman Flynn, "but ye ha-ave no r-right to be foorcin' thim on others."

"They force theirs on me," protested the anarchist.

Policeman Flynn gave this phase of the question thoughtful consideration before replying.

"Was ye bor-rn in this counthry?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

"Are ye a citizen iv it?"

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"No."

"Ye ma-ake me think iv a felly I hear-rd iv," said Policeman Flynn, ever ready to point a moral with a story. "This felly had shtange idees iv r-runnin' his house, an' 't was all r-right while he was r-runnin' his own house an' not botherin' anny wan ilse. But wan da-ay he moved over to a boordin'-house.

"'Come in,' says th' 'other boorders. 'So long as ye pa-ay ye-er boord an' live up to th' r-rules we 're glad f'r to ha-ave ye.'

"'But I don't intind f'r to pa-ay me boord,' says th' ma-an, 'an' I don't like th' r-rules.'

"'There do be twinty iv us here that likes thim,' says they.

"'T is no matther,' says th' ma-an. 'I know more than all th' rist iv ye, an' ye 'll ha-ave f'r to change thim.'

"'Ye 'd betther be goin' on about ye-er business,' says they.

"'I will not,' says th' ma-an. 'Here I am an' here I 'll shtay, an' if ye don't change th' r-rules to suit me idees I 'll tear th' house down,' he says. 'Ye 're all fools,' he says, 'an' I 'm th' only wise ma-an, an' I 'm goin' to tur-rn loose an' show ye a thing or two.'

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"They tuk him away in an ambylance," asserted Policeman Flynn by way of conclusion. "D' ye see th' p'int?"

"No," replied the anarchist.

"If ye don't like th' r-rules iv th' house ye 're livin' in along with a lot iv people that was there befoor ye, move back into wan iv ye-er own."

"But I have none," said the anarchist, at last grasping the point.

"Thin build wan," advised Policeman Flynn.

But, of course, all this wisdom was wasted upon the anarchist. He continued to make rabid speeches whenever opportunity offered, and Policeman Flynn continued to puzzle his head as to the best method of procedure in the matter.

"'T is a shtrange thing," he commented one day, "that so manny diff'rint kinds iv la-ads do be havin' th' sa-ame mother-counthry, an'," he added, solemnly shaking his head, "ye niver hear annythin' iv th' father. It luks ba-ad, it do f'r a fact. Judgin' be th' broods some iv thim ol' mother-counthries tur-rns out, 't is like they was married an' divoorced tin or iliven

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times, an' th' secret iv it all lies in th' pay-ternity."

On another occasion he suggested to the anarchist, "Th' la-ad that 's always heavin' br-ricks is th' wan that 's surpr-rised whin he gets wan along-side iv th' head. If ye 'll go home an' think iv that it ma-ay save ye some throuble."

At last, however, the policeman outlined a plan of campaign. He decided that a loitering anarchist was a menace, while an anarchist on the move was harmless. "'T is only where they shtop that they ma-ake throuble," he said. "While they 're movin' they ha-ave no chanst." It was after he had been obliged to order his particular anarchist to "move on" three times in one evening that this great idea came to him. He took the man by the arm and walked him along. "To the station?" asked the man, bitterly.

"Niver," answered Policeman Flynn. "I 'll not do ye that honor. I 've thried ivery wa-ay to give ye a bit iv sinse," he went on, "an' I see ye ha-ave no pla-ace f'r it in ye-er head. Whin ye ha-ave business here ye can tell me iv it an' it 'll be all r-right, but whin ye ha-ave none ye 'll have f'r to keep goin'. I 'll ha-ave none iv ye-er doin's on me beat."

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He marched him to the end of his beat and waited for the next patrolman to show up.

"'T is th' anarchist that 's been annoyin' me," he explained, "an' I 'll not ha-ave him on me beat."

"But I don't want him," protested the other policeman.

"Iv coorse not," said Policeman Flynn. "Pass him along. A movin' anarchist 'll niver bother anny wan."

Then he winked at his brother officer, and the latter, after a pause sufficient to enable him to grasp the situation, laughed and took the anarchist in tow. With a few words of explanation the man was later passed on to a third officer, and—well, he crept back to his home about two o'clock the following morning. Once afterwards the experience was repeated, and then the story reached the station.

"Barney," laughed the Captain when he heard of it, "you 've solved a great problem. If I had my way, I 'd send you to Washington to see if you could handle it on a larger scale."

"'T w'u'd be easy done," answered Policeman Flynn, "only f'r wan thing."

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"What 's that?" asked the Captain.

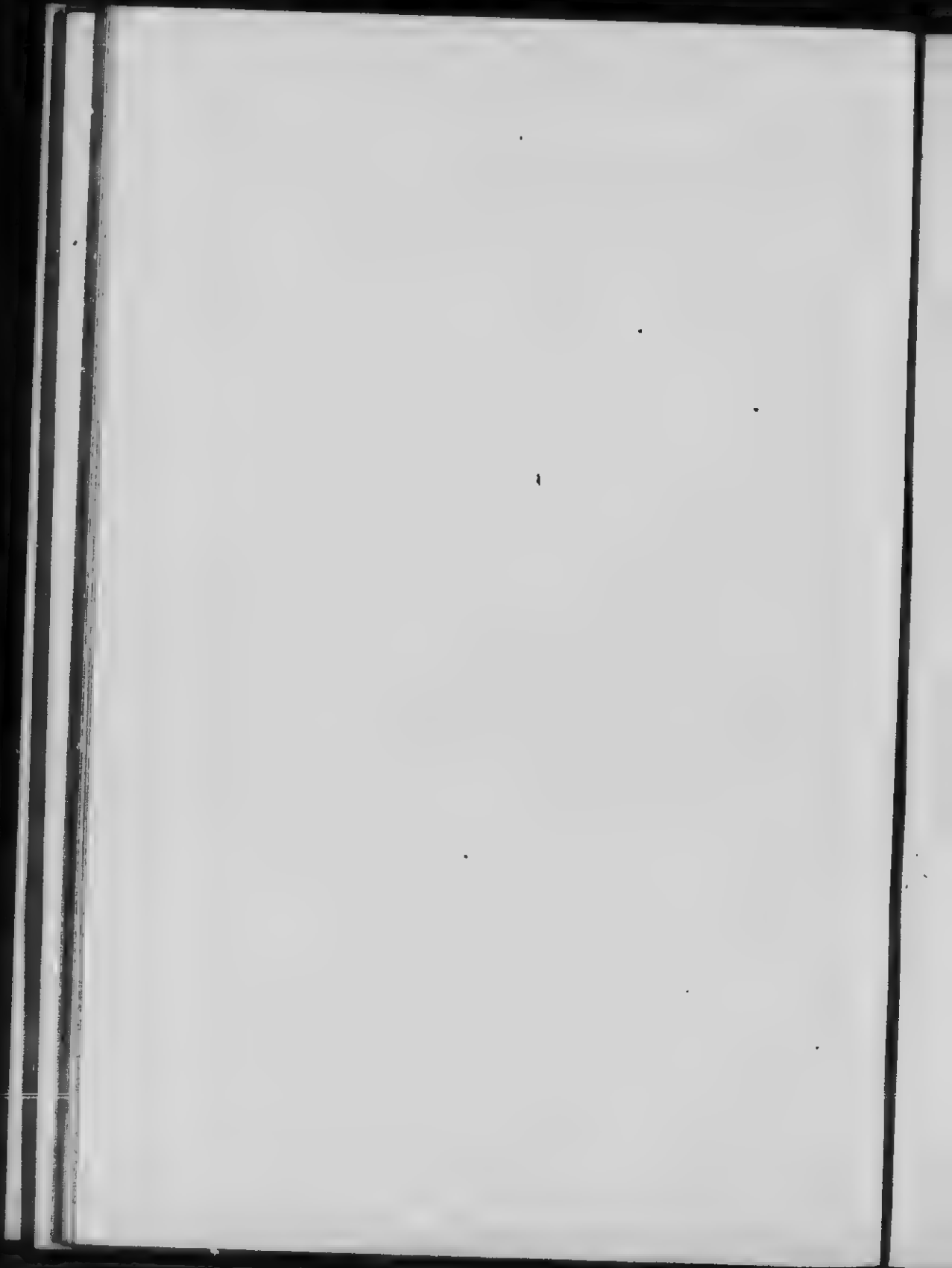
"Afther a bit th' gazabos w'u'd l'arn enough f'r to get naturalized an' vote, an' thin th' politicians w'u'd n't l'ave me lay a hand on thim," asserted Policeman Flynn, thereby adding materially to his reputation for wisdom.

V

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*HE LOSES A
PRISONER*

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CHAPTER V

HE LOSES A PRISONER*

IT was when Policeman Barney Flynn was a new man on "th' foorce" that he lost a prisoner, and he frankly admitted afterwards that he "niver sh'u'd ha-ave found him in th' fir-rst place." In other words, experience taught him that the arrest was not justified, but the new policeman invariably is jealous of his authority and his dignity. So, when he had told the man to move on and the man had retorted by making various sarcastic and otherwise objectionable remarks, Policeman Flynn deemed it necessary for the honor and dignity of his official position to assert himself.

"Get a move on ye, now, or I'll r-run ye in," he said.

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"Well, run me in," retorted the man. "Don't stand there talking about it, but do it."

"I will," said Policeman Flynn, but he intended it only as a threat.

"Well, why don't you?" was the taunting response.

The man was one of the aggressively troublesome fellows who think they know all about individual liberty.

"I will," said Policeman Flynn again, and he took the man by the shoulder. "Niver will it be said that anny wan on me beat can talk ba-ack to me."

There spoke the new policeman who makes work for himself; the older ones are never so foolish.

"Will ye go quiet-like or will I ta-ake a club to ye?" inquired the policeman, as he tightened his grip on the man's coat.

"Oh, I 'll go along all right," answered the man. "I was thinking of dropping in on the Sergeant anyway, and we 'll just go together. I have n't seen him in almost a year."

Policeman Flynn hesitated. Men who want to see the Sergeant are a rarity, and there is al-

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ways a chance that they have some "inflow'nce" at headquarters.

"If ye 'll g'wan about ye-er business I 'll l'ave ye go," he suggested.

"But I won't," asserted the man. "I 'm under arrest and I 'm going to the station. If I 've violated the law, you have no right to compromise the matter with me—it 's your duty to lock me up."

This sounded to Policeman Flynn like a "bluff," and he made haste to "call" it.

"Come on, thin!" he exclaimed. "I 'll put ye behind th' ba-ars fast enough, an' if ye don't come willin' I 'll ca-all th' blue wagon."

Nevertheless, he was n't exactly satisfied. The prisoner was too willing, and it is extremely disconcerting to have charge of a man who wants to be arrested. A man in the strong grasp of the law ought to hold back and change his tone. It began to dawn on Policeman Flynn before they had gone a block that perhaps the man was not "bluffing" after all. So he stopped short and released him.

"G'wan, now!" he said. "I 'll not be bothered with ye anny more. G'wan home!"

"I won't," answered the man. "I 'm your

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prisoner, and if you connive at the escape of a fellow you 've placed under arrest I 'll prefer charges against you. I 'm going with you."

"Ye 'll be sorry f'r it," suggested Policeman Flynn. "Ye 'll find no feather-beds at th' station, an' there do be r-rats in th' cells."

"I 'm taking my chances," returned the man. "Come on!"

"I won't," said Policeman Flynn in his turn. "What cha-arge w'u'd I make ag'in' ye?"

"That 's your business," said the man.

"If ye 'd been ray-sistin' an officer iv th' la-aw," commented Policeman Flynn, "'t w'u'd be all r-right."

"Oh, well, if it will help you any," said the man, "I 'll resist. I 'll punch you in the stomach and —"

"If ye do," interrupted Policeman Flynn menacingly, "I 'll hit ye a clip on th' head with th' club."

"Then take me to the station," persisted the man. "I 'm your prisoner. You 've got me, have n't you?"

"Divil ta-ake ye, I can't lose ye!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, irritably. "G'wan

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about ye-er business now, an' quit ye-er worryin' iv me."

The prisoner caught the policeman by the arm and pulled him along.

"Hang it all!" he cried. "Why don't you do your duty?"

"L'ave me loose!" commanded Policeman Flynn. "D' ye think ye-er th' whole po-lis foorce? I 'll not arrist anny wan on compool-sion."

"But you 've already arrested me," urged the man.

"Thin I let ye go."

"But I refuse to be liberated. Come on, can't you?" And he almost dragged the reluctant officer along the street.

"L'ave go iv me ar-rm!" cried Policeman Flynn. "I 'll not ha-ave anny man makin' me lock him up ag'in' me will. L'ave go, I tell ye!"

"Then come along peaceably," said the man. "You 've no right to let me go, and I won't go. A police magistrate is the only man who can free me after I have been arrested."

"I 'll not ta-ake ye," insisted Policeman Flynn.

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"If you don't," asserted the man, "I'll stick by you until you are relieved and have to go in to report. I don't want any imitation arrest; I want the real thing, and it's only fair that I should have it. The way you're acting is a reflection on my dignity and makes me feel mighty small and of no account. Don't you think I'm worth arresting?"

"Iv coorse ye are."

"I'm not too unimportant to be arrested, am I?"

"Niver a bit iv it."

"Then why don't you run me in?"

"I ha-ave throubles enough now."

"But you must; I insist."

Policeman Flynn drew a long breath.

"Be a good felly, now," he said, "an' g'wan about ye-er business."

"My business is to go to the station with you."

"F'r why d' ye wa-ant to be conthrary?" pleaded Policeman Flynn. "Can't ye do a good tur-rn f'r a ma-an?"

"Do you ask it as a favor?"

"F'r sure. I ask ye to g'wan home an' l'ave me alone."

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"Oh, well, as a favor to you," returned the man, "possibly I might consent not to be arrested on this occasion."

"'T w'u'd be a gr-reat favor. I don't wa-ant ye. I ha-ave no use f'r ye at all."

"Then," said the man, "as a matter of personal accommodation to you I will leave you."

"Whin I wint on th' foorce," muttered Policeman Flynn, as he resumed his beat, "I thought I might ha-ave throuble keepin' a pris'ner, but I niver knew 't w'u'd be so har-rd f'r to lose wan."

VI

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*HE RAIDS A
“FENCE”*

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CHAPTER VI

HE RAIDS A "FENCE"

GREAT was the day that Policeman Barney Flynn raided a "fence." But, of course, he never would have done it if he had not been properly prompted by his wife. Like many another man, Policeman Flynn does not go out hunting for trouble and work, and it takes a certain amount of feminine sarcasm and criticism to make him even reasonably ambitious. But once roused to action, there is no man on "th' foorce" who can surpass him in either resourcefulness or nerve.

"Oho! I've found a fince," he announced joyously to his wife one night.

"What 'll ye do with it?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

"What 'll I do with it?" repeated Policeman Flynn. "What d' ye sup-pose? Is it

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ye-er idee that I 'll give it ye f'r to let it r-round ye-er ga-ar-den? 'T is a shtrange concption ye ha-ve iv me official juties an' th' worries iv me daily toil. I pray-sume ye think 't is a shtone fince with filagree wor-rk on th' ir'n gate, but ye 're wr-rong. This fince is a pla-ace where shtolen goods is nego-shated f'r ha-ard cash."

"Did ye l'ave thim at th' station?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"L'ave what?" inquired Policeman Flynn. "Th' goods?"

"No; th' min. They 's min that r-runs th' fince, iv coorse. Did ye get thim?"

"Ye 'd like f'r to be a widdy, w'u'd ye?" retorted Policeman Flynn, somewhat warmly. "Ye 'd like to ha-ve me go ferninst tin or twelve desp'rit min an' come home lukkin' like a Foorth-iv-July ta-arget in a shootin'-gal'ry, so 's ye c'u'd put on ye-er black dhress an' ha-ave ivery wan ca-astin' eyes at ye an' sayin', 'There goes th' widdy iv th' bra-ave po-lisman that was planted awa-ay with sivin pounds iv lead in him.' But I 'll not give ye th' chanst. I 'll ray-poort th' fac's at r-roll-call an' l'ave th' capt'in plan th' raid."

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"Ha-and over th' gun ye 're carryin', Barney," said Mrs. Flynn, with decision.

"F'r why?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Ye don't need it," answered his wife, with infinite sarcasm. "'T is you that knows too well how to ta-ake care iv ye-ersilf iver to ha-ave call f'r a gun."

Policeman Flynn winced, but he too well knew the danger and difficulties of such a raid to be readily brought to his wife's view of the matter.

"'T w'u'd be like takin' wan's own life f'r to go in there alone," he protested.

"Surpr-rise thim," advised Mrs. Flynn. "Ye know they 's a fince there, ye know they 's min comes there to l'ave goods, y know th' ma-an that la-ands thim behind th' ba-ars 'll be mintioned in th' po-lis ordhers an' 'll be a gr-reat ma-an at th' station, an' ye know ye 'll niver be heard iv if ye let some wan ilse do th' wor-rk. 'T is f'r you to ma-ake a showin' f'r ye-ersilf."

"'T is a post-mortim showin' I 'd be ma-akin' f'r mesilf," returned the patrolman, ruefully.

"Ye don't undhershta-and th' case. 'T is not th' fince alone, but th' gang that l'aves th' goods there, that 's to be r-rounded up, an' 't is a

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desp'rit cr-rowd. 'T is only me juty to me soopeer-yer officer to ray-poort in a case like this."

"'T is ye-er juty to ye-ersilf to show ye 're a po-lisman with a head on ye," insisted Mrs. Flynn.

"To prove I ha-ave a head on me 't is nicissary f'r to ha-ave it blowed off," commented Policeman Flynn, lugubriously.

"If ye ha-ave n't th' injinoo-ity to save it, 't is betther so," asserted Mrs. Flynn. "Don't ye iver let thim sma-art day-tictives get th' cr-redit f'r ye-er wor-rk, Barney Flynn, or I'll belave ye're not Irish at all, but only a Polack or some other furriner."

With this the subject was temporarily dropped; but Policeman Flynn knew that he had to do that particular job himself in order to have peace in the family, and Mrs. Flynn knew that he would do it and do it well. He did not report his discovery at the station, but devoted his spare time to further investigations. In this he was violating a rule of the department, but what is a rule of the department compared with a rule of the household? He wanted to learn the habits and methods of the

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gang and do the planning himself, well knowing this assumption of responsibility would be overlooked if he were successful. When everything was in readiness, he outlined his plan to his captain, and asked for aid in making the raid.

"'T is a desp'rit cr-rowd," he said, "an' maybe they 'll thry to break awa-ay."

"You want two men at each entrance, you say?" queried the captain.

Policeman Flynn nodded.

"And how many to go in?"

"Wan. 'T is a nice inj'yable bit iv spoort I ha-ave picked out f'r mesilf."

"You 'll be killed," asserted the captain.

"As I understand it, the stolen goods are left in the basement at odd times, and then the gang gathers there quietly some night, meets the 'fence,' and the business is cleaned up and the money paid. The only way to do is to overwhelm them."

"Not f'r an injane-yus ma-an," answered Policeman Flynn, confidently. "'T is me pur-r-pose to dhrop in on thim, but 't is not me night f'r dyin'. I 'll tell ye why." Here he leaned over and whispered in the captain's ear.

The latter immediately began to laugh. Then

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he slapped Policeman Flynn on the back, and cried: "Go ahead, Barney. You can have all the men you want."

So it happened that when Policeman Flynn next appeared at his home his coat was split up the back, his trousers were torn, his collar was half off, and he was covered with dirt and dust.

"I got thim," he announced briefly.

"Ye luk it," replied Mrs. Flynn, surveying him critically.

"I surpr-rised thim."

"If ye lukked like ye do now ye'd surpr-rise anny wan."

"'T was this wa-ay," went on Policeman Flynn. "Th' gazabo that pinches th' goods takes thim to th' alley an' dhrops thim into a chute, so 's he can ma-ake his getaway quick if they 's anny wan followin' him. Oho! but 't is well arrn-anged. Niver a wan iv thim that shteals th' goods takes thim into th' place at all, an' they niver goes there only whin the time comes f'r th' fince to shquare up with thim, an' thin they goes in th' front wa-ay. But 't is me that found th' chute all hidden awa-ay nice where a windy used f'r to be. So I puts two min at th' front door an' two min at th' side

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door, an' thin I dhrops in on thim an' ma-akes thim think a bit iv th' judgmint-da-ay has come. Oho ! it ma-akes me laugh to think iv it. They like to have died iv heart-failure."

"How 'd ye go in, Barney?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"I wint down the chute like a hod iv brick, an' la-anded on th' table where they was sittin'. I had thim ma-archin' out before they knew what was doin'."

"Ha-ave ye thim all at th' station?" inquired Mrs. Flynn.

"All but wan," answered the patrolman.

"Did he get awa-ay?"

"M-m-m, well, ye may sa-ay he did—after a fashion; but 't is me that knows where to find him."

"Where?"

"At th' hospittle," said Policeman Flynn.

"He br-roke me fall as I come down th' chute, an' he got awa-ay in an ambylance."

VII

*HE ADVISES HIS
DAUGHTER*

CHAPTER VII

HE ADVISES HIS DAUGHTER

"**H**OW 's th' kids, Maggie?" asked Policeman Barney Flynn, as he settled himself for his regular smoke one evening.

"I wish, Father," replied his daughter with that dignity that a year or so as a school teacher always gives to a young woman, "that you would cease to call me Maggie. It is so plebeian. My name is Marguerite."

"Oho! listen to that, now!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Ye was chr-ristened Maggie, but ye-er na-ame is Margareet. M-m-m, now, I wondher whin th' Frinch crep' into th' fam'ly an' how 't was done. I niver hear-rd iv wan iv ye-er ancistors that w'u'd l'ave a Frinchman near without cr-rackin' him on th' head. I 'd as soon hear ye callin' ye-er-

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silf Gretchen or Franchisca. 'T is tin dollars to tin cints th' gazabo that 's been callin' to see ye has put ye up to changin' a fine na-ame."

"He 's a very excellent young man, Father," answered the girl spiritedly.

"Mebbe so, but I ha-ave me doubts," asserted Policeman Flynn. "I sh'u'd n't ta-ake him f'r wan havin' th' r-right sort iv shtuff in him. There do be too' much palaverin' an' side-shteppin' an' bowin' about him f'r to ca-atch me eye."

"He 's a man of polished manners, Father," insisted the girl, "and I regret to say your manners lack polish."

"R-right ye are," returned Policeman Flynn. "Accordin' to th' po-lis r-rules I have to polish me boots an' me buttons an' me ba-adge an' me belt, an' 't is little time I have lift f'r to polish me manners. But l've that go. How 's th' kids behavin'?"

"Do you refer to the scholars, Father?"

"Maggie, I 'd advise ye to be careful how ye provoke th' ol' man," said Policeman Flynn warningly. "'T is not f'r you to be ray-provin' iv me. Wanst more I sa-ay to ye, How 's th' kids?"

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"Why, to tell the truth, Father," answered the girl, seeing that it was dangerous to be too particular about the use of words, "I have been having some trouble with the larger boys. They lack proper discipline, and I'd give a good deal to discover some way to control them."

"M-m-m, now, that 's too ba-ad," commented Policeman Flynn reflectively. "Ye sh'u'd 'ave come to me befoor, f'r 't is on thim things I 'm poshted. I sup-pose th' wa-ay Cassidy contrhrolled th' wa-ard caucus w'u'd n't do f'r ye. Oho! 't was a gr-reat sight, was that! Ye see, Cassidy was th' chairman, an' there was some la-ads that was afther r-runnin' things their own wa-ay. They w'u'd n't listen to him, an' whin he 'd pounded a hole in th' table he up an' let go with th' gavel."

"Threw it at the boisterous ones?" asked the girl.

"He did that same," answered Policeman Flynn, "an' th' gla-ass iv wather follied th' gavel an' th' pitcher wint afther th' gla-ass, an' he was takin' off his boots f'r to heave at thim whin ordher was reshtored. Ye might thry it,

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Maggie—all but th' boots. Ye ha-ave an ink-shtand an' a r-ruler an' things on ye-er desk, have ye not?"

"I 'm afraid the Board of Education would object to such methods," said the girl, smiling at the absurdity of the plan.

"Mebbe so," returned Policeman Flynn. "I 've been ferninst th' like mesilf. 'Ye must n't beat ye-er pris'ner all up,' says th' Capt'in, an' 't is a ha-ard thing f'r to conthrol a ba-ad man without l'avin' ma-arks on him, but there do be wa-ays iv doin' it. Ye might back-heel wan iv thim, Maggie. Ye ha-ave to be quick, but ye can throw him ha-ard an' tell th' boord he shtumbled."

"That would hardly do, either," asserted the girl.

"Thin pick out th' biggest wan an' poke him in th' shtumick. 'T is not a fair blow in a reg'lar fight, but 't is most discouragin' to th' felly that 's hit an' 't is a good lesson to th' others. I niver knew a felly that got a poke in th' shtumick to wa-ant to go on fightin'. An' it l'aves no ma-ark on him."

The girl smiled again and shook her head.

"Sta-amp on his fut, thin," suggested Police-

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man Flynn as a last resort. "Wan good bang on th' toes 'll ind all th' throuble, an' if ye 're shpry ye can do up tin or iliven iv thim befoor they know ye 're sta-arted."

"I think, Father, you 'd better leave the management of my school to me," said the girl.

"Oho! ye 're too sma-art f'r to take th' advice iv thim that 's been infoorcin' ordher since befoor ye was bor-rn," retorted Policeman Flynn in a tone that showed he was offended by her apparent lack of appreciation. In consequence she deemed it wise to change the subject.

"Father," she said, "why are you so prejudiced against the young man who—"

"Don't ta-alk to me iv that gazabo," interrupted Policeman Flynn, surmising at once who was meant. "I don't like his lallygaggin' wa-ays. Why don't he come here like a ma-an an' sa-ay, 'Is Maggie home?' instid iv, 'Will ye be so kind as to ta-ake me ca-ard in to Miss Flynn?' Oho! whin I was coortin' ye-er mother thing 's was dif'rint. A felly had to be a ma-an thin an' talk r-right out plain instid iv sindin' boo-quets with a book tellin' iv what th' flowers shtand f'r. Oh, ye need n't sa-ay a wor-rd. I saw th' book an' I saw ye shtudyin'

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iv it th' time he sint ye thim r-roses an' things.
'T is not th' honest wa-ay to do."

"It 's a very pretty way," insisted the girl,
"and he is a man of both courtesy and courage.
The trouble is you have not been brought up
in the same atmosphere."

"I 'll thry him," said Policeman Flynn, decisively.

"Please don't do anything rash, Father," urged the girl.

"'T will not be r-rash," answered the policeman. "'T w'u'd be r-rash in th' ol' da-ays, but not with th' fellies that go coortin' now."

Now, as a matter of fact, Policeman Flynn's daughter was quite right. The young man was a most estimable youth, but Flynn did not understand him. The latter thought he detected weakness where there was none, because in his youthful surroundings young men had been judged by a rougher standard. So he acted in perfect good faith when he undertook to show Maggie that her idol was made of an inferior article of clay. To do this he deemed it necessary to take radical action, so he entered the room one evening when the young man was calling, and exclaimed, gruffly :

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"'T is time ye sint th' young felly home, Maggie. Ye ha-ave ye-er wor-rk to do to-morry, and 't is a sha-ame he sh'u'd be keepin' ye from ye-er rist. I 'll not ha-ave it anny more."

Thereupon the young man rose up suddenly, and before Policeman Flynn fully realized what had happened he found himself sitting on the ground outside the window, where the despised dude had dropped him. He got up, shook himself, and limped back into the house. The girl was frightened and in tears, but the young man promptly squared himself for another encounter. Policeman Flynn, however, extended his hand conciliatorily.

"I wr-ronged ye," he said. "Ye ha-ave th' r-right shtuff in ye f'r to ma-ake anny woman happy. 'T was me intintion to ma-ake a small sacrifice on th' althar iv me juty to Maggie, an' I 'll sa-ay this to ye as ma-an to ma-an: Ye 're all r-right, an' if ye had th' shtrength f'r to ma-atch ye-er pluck, 't is a fam'ly martyr I 'd be now, with th' wake comin' off to-morry. If ye 've won th' gir-rl 't is all fixed, f'r ye 've won th' ol' ma-an."

VIII

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HE SECURES A
CONVICTION

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CHAPTER VIII

HE SECURES A CONVICTION

"**I**F I had me wa-ay," said Policeman Barney Flynn, with conviction, "ivery wan iv th' po-lis magisthrates iv th' city w'u'd be out carryin' a locust f'r to prepa-are thim f'r their juties on th' binch."

"Locust" being a technical name for a policeman's club, the full import of this remark must be readily apparent, and Policeman Flynn had good reason for making it. His beat at the time lay in a district where there was a most troublesome gang of hoodlums. Among them were some who had passed from what may be termed "hoodlumism" to actual crime, although of a somewhat petty nature. Just on the verge of manhood,—possibly about eighteen years of age,—they had lived in that atmosphere of lawlessness where youths develop

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early, and they not only led the younger ones in a sort of general rebellion against law and order, but they were personally guilty of many troublesome and occasionally costly depredations. Naturally, they made life a burden to Policeman Flynn. They played tricks on him, they got up mock fights to fool him, they jeered at him, and finally they began to amuse themselves by throwing stones at him whenever they could do so with reasonable safety. He knew that they were responsible for the minor crimes of which complaint was frequently made, but he lacked evidence, and it was not until he had narrowly escaped being brained by half a brick that he finally took two of the ringleaders to the station.

"What 's the charge?" asked the police magistrate the next morning.

"M-m-m, well, they 's a bad lot, an' they was heavin' r-rocks at me," answered Policeman Flynn.

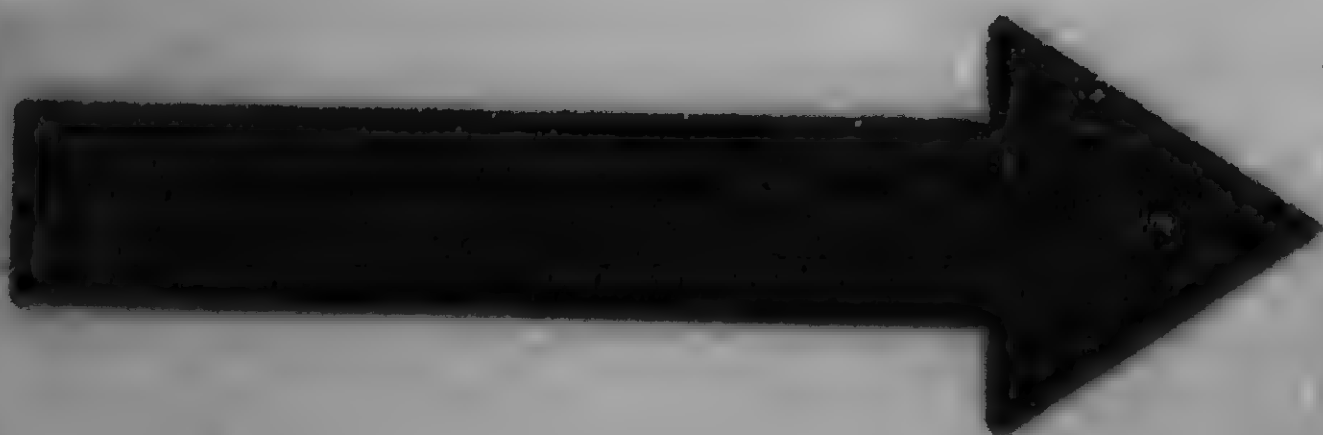
"Did they hit you?" demanded the magistrate. And when the policeman admitted that he had succeeded in dodging the missile, the magistrate added: "Oh, well, boys will be boys, and we must n't be too hard on them."

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If they 'd hit you, it would be different. Discharged."

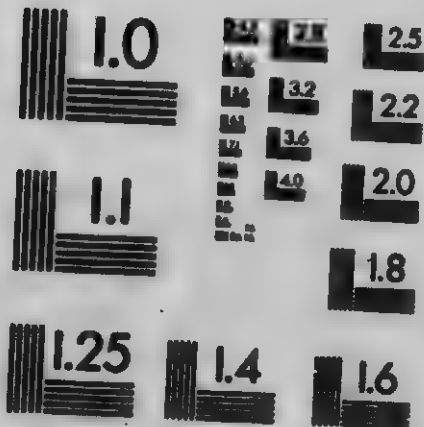
"Luk at that, now," commented Policeman Flynn. "A big chunk iv a brick come r-right f'r me head, an' I duck, an' that lets thim go free. 'T was f'r me, I sup-pose, to ha-ave me head shplit open f'r to ma-ake a case. Oho! 't is a fine thing, is th' la-aw iv th' magistrates. 'Ha-ave ye ye-er head with ye?' says his honor. 'I ha-ave,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave no bus'ness to,' says he; an' thin he says, 'This day-findent is discha-arged f'r th' reason that Officer Flynn comes into coort with his head on, thereby vi'latin' th' la-aw.' I 'd like to ha-ave a ton iv that la-aw f'r to throw in th' river. Ye 've got to ha-ave th' ividence, a ca-art-load iv it. 'T is like this: A felly comes cr-reepin' up behind a ma-an with a knife in his ha-and. "'T is me juty,' says I to meself, 'f'r to arrist him.' 'Wait,' says th' la-aw to me, 'f'r may-be he 'll kill th' ma-an, an' thin ye 'll ha-ave a good case.' Oho! 't is a gr-reat thing to know th' la-aw."

Fortunately, however, these remarks were not made in the hearing of the court, and Policeman Flynn returned to his beat. Natur-



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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ally, his troubles were not lessened by his failure to secure a conviction, for the gang became bolder and more demonstrative than ever. But the policeman patiently awaited his opportunity, and before long he had the same two in custody again, with what he believed to be a good case against them.

"'T was like this," he explained in court the following day: "Th' door iv th' groc'ry is open, an' th' two pris'ners is r-runnin' awa-ay. I follies thim an' shtumbles over a ham, which they dr-ropped."

"Did you see them drop it?" asked the boys' lawyer.

"Iv coorse not," answered Policemæn Flynn, "but 't is not to be sup-posed th' ham wa-alked down th' alley be itsilf. They 's a lot iv fruit, too, leadin' all th' wa-ay to where th' byes is r-rounded up, an' they ha-ave a pocketful iv cha-ange taken from th' till."

"How do you know it was taken from the till?" demanded the lawyer.

"Because 't is not in th' till now," replied Policeman Flynn.

"Oh, well," said the judge, at the conclusion of the hearing, "there is nothing to show that



*"Two more dejected specimens of humanity never
appeared there."*

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they are the ones who dropped the ham and the fruit, and they give a very plausible explanation of the possession of so much small change. The evidence is purely circumstantial, and to send them up would be only to start them on the downward path. I'll give them another chance."

"Sta-art thim down be sindin' thim up," muttered Policeman Flynn to himself, as he left the court-room. "Oho! 't is a hum'rous ma-an th' judge is. 'T is a sha-ame he 's not editin' a comic pa-aper, it is that. Sta-art thim! Why, 't is thim same la-ads that 's r-ridin' a tar-dim bi-sickle on th' down'ard pa-ath now with th' br-rake br-roke."

That night, as usual, he told his troubles to his wife, but he got little sympathy from her.

"If ye 're an injane-yus ma-an," she said, "ye 'll land thim fellies with th' goods on thim. 'T is th' only wa-ay, an' ye 're long enough on th' foorce f'r to know it. Don't talk to me iv th' judge. He knows what he wa-ants, an' 't is f'r-you to give it to him."

Policeman Flynn shook his head with the doleful air of a man who thought the whole world was against him; but he always shows

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best in adversity. In his own language, he "int out afther thim la-ads," and he got them. He marched them into the station house one night about two weeks later, and two more dejected specimens of humanity never appeared there. One of them was carrying a mantel clock heavy enough seriously to tax his strength, and the other was loaded down with brass andirons. One of the officers in the station made a motion to take the booty away from them, but Policeman Flynn instantly interfered.

"L'ave thim alone!" he cried. "I ha-ave thim with th' goods on thim, an' I' li not l'ave thim put th' things down till th' magistrate sees thim. I've wa-alked thim from a mile awa-ay, an' they 'll not be out iv me sight this night."

"Walked them!" cried the sergeant. "Why did n't you call the wagon?"

"'T w'u'd n't do," answered Policeman Flynn. "I c'u'd n't keep me eye on thim. I follied behind thim with a gun in me ha-and, an' ma-arched thim all th' wa-ay, an' they 's no wan takes thim things till th' judge sees thim. Oho! I ha-ave th' ividence this time. I caught thim comin' out iv a house with th' goods on thim."

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"But they can't possibly hold those things until they get into court," urged one of the other officers. "It would wreck an Atlas."

"M-m-m, well, I 'm not poshted on jography, but I know a bit iv po-lis coorts, an' I 've l'arned a few things iv ividence," returned Policeman Flynn.

"Me back 's near broke, an' me arms is fallin' off," whined one of the culprits.

"Shtand up, there!" commanded Policeman Flynn. "Ye 've been playin' ta-ag with me long enough. Put th' clock on ye-er other shoulder an' shift ye-er fut. 'T will give ye a bit iv a r-rest. Oho! ye had a good laugh on Barney Flynn f'r not bein' able to put ye over twict befoor, but 't is not the sa-ame now."

"You 'll kill them, Barney," said the sergeant. "Either of those loads would tire a Samson out in fifteen minutes."

"I 'll show thim to th' judge with th' goods on thim," persisted Policeman Flynn, doggedly. "I 'll ha-ave no more monkey-foolin' with thim la-ads."

"I 'll draw a picture of them, and you can show that to the judge," suggested a policeman of artistic inclinations.

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Policeman Flynn hesitated. He had no desire to inflict unnecessary hardship on his prisoners, but he did not wish to take any chances. He could not forget that they had been discharged twice before.

"Will ye all sign it an' shwear 't is th' wa-ay I br-rought thim in?" he asked.

"We will," was the prompt reply.

And when the evidence was produced in court the next day it was pronounced conclusive.

IX

*HE STOPS AN
AUTOMOBILE*

CHAPTER IX

HE STOPS AN AUTOMOBILE

"**W**HOA!" cried Policeman Flynn.
"Whoa, I tell ye! Shtop!"

The man with the automobile slowed up, and finally came to a full stop.

"What 's the matter?" he asked.

"Matther!" ejaculated Policeman Flynn.
"D' ye think this is a speedin'-tra-ack? Ha-ave ye th' idee that th' people on th' cross-walks is hur-rdles, an' that 't is f'r you to show th' kind iv a jockey ye are? Are ye iv th' opinion that ye 're doin' th' cha-arge iv th' Light Brigade all be ye-ersilf? I 'll ha-ave no auty-mobils goin' out afther th' record where I 'm wearin' a po-lis ba-adge."

"This is n't an automobile," asserted the man who had been stopped. "I can't afford anything so aristocratic as that. This is only a horseless carriage."

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"May-be 't is so," returned Policeman Flynn; "but 't is wr-rong ye are if ye think this is a copless boolvar; an' if ye persist in vi'latin' th' la-aw, I 'll r-run ye in, I will that."

"I 'm violating no law," replied the man, in a quiet tone.

"Oho! ye think ye 're smar-rt, don't ye?" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Ye 'd go to shplittin' hairs with a po-lisman an' thryin' to come over him with th' ol' joke. Iv coorse ye 're vi'latin' no la-aw now. F'r why? F'r because I shtopped ye. 'T is not th' likes iv you that can throw down Barney Flynn on that gag."

"But I have n't been violating any law," insisted the man.

"Ye ha-ave n't!" cried Policeman Flynn, his breath fairly taken away by the calm assertion. "Ye ha-ave n't! Oh, no, iv coorse ye ha-ave n't. Ye 've only been cr-reepin' along like ye was pushin' a ba-aby's go-cart. Why, ye gasyleen injineer, ye 've been makin' twinty miles an hour."

"What of it?" asked the man. "There 's no law against it."

"Sa-ay," cautioned Policeman Flynn, with a solemn shake of his head, "a joke 's a joke,

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an' I can ta-ake wan with th' nex' ma-an, but don't be afther pushin' me too far, or I 'll ha-ave ye before th' po-lis coort, I will so."

"On what charge?" demanded the man.

"Fa-ast dhrivin'," answered Policeman Flynn.

"I have n't been driving fast," asserted the man. "I have n't been driving at all. The law says 'riding or driving any horse or horses or other animals,' and that does n't affect me."

Policeman Flynn scratched his head. He was n't sure that the ordinance was correctly quoted, but neither was he prepared to deny it. It certainly sounded right.

"Luk at that, now!" he said at last. "'T is like thim gazabos that makes th' la-aw f'r to l'ave a cha-ance f'r th' ma-an that vi'lates it to shkin out iv it. Here I am thryin' to do me juty, an' no cha-ance f'r annything but th' wor-rst iv it, whatever I do. Th' la-aw is made f'r th' good people, but 't is r-read be th' coorts f'r th' other wans. If they 's a hole in it, th' law-yer shticks a crowba-ar in, an' th' judge gives a bit iv help, an' bechune th' two they ma-ake th' op'nin' big enough f'r to put a locomotive in-jine through. If iver I had th' ma-akin' iv th'

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la-aw I 'd ha-ave first iv all in th' big book a sintence r-readin' like this : 'Th' la-aws herein mane what they mane, an' not what they sa-ay.' 'T is th' only wa-ay, f'r now whin a ma-an dhraws up a la-aw he knows what he 's afther, an' iverybody ilse knows what he 's afther, but th' coort takes two fa-alls out iv it, an' he gets what he does n't want, or ilse th' la-aw is broke into sma-all bits."

"Well," remarked the man with the automobile, "if you 're through talking to yourself I 'll move along."

"Not so fa-ast," interposed Policeman Flynn. "Ye may be r-right an' ye may be wr-rong, but they 's wan p'int I want settled. D' ye intind to keep down to th' la-awful shpeed?"

"There is no lawful speed for me," answered the man defiantly. "I can go as fast as I want to."

"M-m-m, now," said Policeman Flynn to himself, as he drew his hand thoughtfully across his chin, "I wisht I ha-ad th' good woman here f'r to tell me what to do. 'T is a mighty puzzlin' thing; but," he added, addressing the man with the automobile, "if ye 're goin' to



Flynn and the automobile.

P O L I C E M A N F L Y N N

ma-ake th' pe-desthrians give exhibitions iv gr-round an' lofty tumblin', I 'll take th' chanst an' r-run ye in."

"Come on," returned the man, making room for the officer on the seat beside him.

Policeman Flynn hesitated for a moment, and then climbed up.

"Go shlow," he cautioned, "or 't will be th' wor-rse f'r ye."

"You don't suppose I 'm going to take myself to the station, do you?" retorted the man. "You 'll have to take me."

"Iv coorse I 'll take ye," said Policeman Flynn. "'T is f'r that I 'm here. G'wan, now."

"Go on yourself," answered the man. "I 'm in the hands of the law, and so is the automobile. Let the law run it."

"I 've heard iv th' machin'ry iv th' la-aw," commented Policeman Flynn, "but 't is th' fir-rst time I was iver up ferninst it. D' ye think I 'm goin' to r-run th' autymobil?"

"Certainly."

"If I laid me ha-ands on thim handles we 'd be climbin' th' tiligraft-poles an' jumpin' over houses a. lots."

"That 's your lookout."

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"I 'll not touch thim. I ha-ave a wife to support, an' 't w'u'd be a sha-ame f'r me to ta-ake me own life. An' it luks to me," went on the patrolman, beginning to show signs of anger, "like ye was thryin' to ma-ake a monkey iv me."

"Oh, well, I 'll do it," replied the man, conciliatorily, "but I want to caution you about one thing. You must n't touch me or interfere with me in any way when I get my hand on the levers. If you do we 're likely to go sailing through the side of a house."

"I must l'ave ye alone?"

"Absolutely."

"Thin don't ye put ye-er ha-ands on thim things, or I 'll bat ye over th' head!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "How do I know where ye 'll la-and me?"

"You don't."

"Ye might r-run me miles awa-ay."

"I might."

"Keep ye-er ha-ands off. I 'll not l'ave ye do it."

"If you won't run it and you won't let me, what are we going to do?"

It was a hard problem, and Policeman Flynn 'looked puzzled.

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"I wisht th' good woman was here," he sighed. "'T is a fine thing I 've been doin' to mesilf, an' me an ol' man on th' foorce. M-m-m, well, I 'll take ye without th' autymobil."

"Somebody may run away with it," protested the man, in alarm.

"I 'll ta-ake th' r-risk," said Policeman Flynn.

"G'wan, now! Out ye go!"

"Say," returned the man, weakening, "just call it all off, and I 'll promise to keep within the lawful rate of speed for horses."

"Ye will?"

"Sure."

"Give me ye-er ca-ard, so 's I 'll know where to find ye if ye 're lyin' to me." The man handed over a card, and Policeman Flynn jumped to the ground. "G'wan, now," he said, and when the man had turned a corner he drew a long breath and muttered to himself: "He had me worried, he did that. Oho! 't is a fine picture I 'd make ma-archin' him off an' l'avin' th' autymobil f'r th' la-ads to pla-ay with! 'T was a gr-reat bluff I put up, but, thank Hivin! it la-anded him."

X

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*HE HELPS A
PRISONER*

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CHAPTER X

HE HELPS A PRISONER

BRING in the hoboes!" was the order, and Policeman Flynn knew that that meant to round up all vagrants. The department had been severely scored because of the increase in the number of petty thefts.

Now, the term "vagrant" is comprehensive in its meaning, and may be made to include many different kinds of people. Anyone who has no visible means of support and no place to sleep comes under that general classification. Whether he is anxious to steal or anxious to work is quite immaterial; if he has no job and no home and no money, he is a vagrant, and his intentions count for little or nothing. A man of Policeman Flynn's judgment would like to discriminate occasionally, but, under such an order as had been given, a conscientious officer

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has no chance. So, when he saw the manager of a small manufacturing establishment on his beat holding a shabby-looking fellow by the collar, he knew that the time had come for him to act.

"Here, officer," said the manager, "run this fellow in."

"What 's he been doin'?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Oh, he 's a plain hobo," was the reply. "This is the second morning I 've caught him sleeping in the doorway, and he had the nerve to ask me for a job."

"Why don't ye give it to him?" inquired Policeman Flynn.

"To him!" exclaimed the manager. "Why, look at him! Do you think he really wants a job? It 's only an excuse."

"Ye can't tell be a ma-an's luks what he wants," was the sage suggestion of Policeman Flynn. "To luk at me mebbe ye might not think I wa-anted a million dollars." Then he turned to the vagrant and demanded:

"Where d' ye live?"

"Anywhere," sullenly answered the man.

"What d' ye do f'r a livin'?"

POLICEMAN FLYNN

"I 'm looking for work."

"Where d' ye wor-rk la-st?"

The man gave him an address, but added:

"That was three months ago. I got a dollar a day as a sort of general hustler, but they cut down the force and let me go."

"An' ye' ve had no job since? No wondher ye 're lukkin' r-rock," commented Policeman Flynn. "But ordhers is ordhers, an' if ye ha-ave no home an' no money, an' no wor-rk, I 'll ha-ave f'r to take ye in."

On the way to the station the man complained bitterly of his hard luck. He was a comparatively young fellow, but poorly equipped for the battle with the world. His education had been neglected, and he was handicapped by the fact that he had been prepared for neither a business nor a trade. So, while it was possible to get men of better attainments for even minor positions, his services were at a discount. Even as a day laborer, he lacked the physique that would commend him to an employer.

"But I 'm honest," he protested. "I really want to get a job, but what chance is there for me in these clothes?"

"Thru f'r ye," replied Policeman Flynn,

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looking at the dilapidated suit. "'T is like ye dhressed in th' da-ark an' did n't notice what ye was ta-akin' from th' wardr-robe."

Flynn was on night duty at the time, and the arrest was made just as he was relieved in the morning, so he brought the prisoner in himself and had him "booked" as a vagrant. Then he sat about the station and smoked for a time before going home to breakfast.

"'T is a sha-ame," he muttered, "that th' la-ad sh'u'd be sint up if he wa-ants f'r to wor-rk."

After a little he went to the cell in which the man was confined and beckoned him to the door.

"Honest, now," he said, "w'u'd ye wor-rk if ye had th' chanst?"

"Just try me," answered the man in a tone that carried conviction with it.

Policeman Flynn left the station in thoughtful mood, but, instead of going home to the waiting breakfast, he went back to his beat and presently stopped at the place where he had made the arrest. In one of the windows of the establishment was the sign, "Man Wanted."

POLICEMAN FLYNN

"I thought I ray-mimbered it," he said as he went in and asked to see the manager.

"Ye 're lukkin' f'r a ma-an?" said Policeman Flynn inquiringly when he had reached the manager's office.

"Yes," admitted the manager. "Do you know of one?"

"Ye 're lukkin' f'r a ma-an," repeated Policeman Flynn, "an' whin ye ha-ave ye-er ha-ands on wan that wa-ants f'r to wor-rk ye sind him to th' po-lis station."

"I 'm looking for a man and not a hobo," retorted the manager sharply.

"There 's th' makin' iv a ma-an in manny a hobo," suggested Policeman Flynn.

"Possibly, possibly," admitted the manager, "but this is no eleemosynary institution."

"Say that ag'in," said Policeman Flynn; "I don't folly ye."

"I say this is no charitable institution," repeated the manager. "We 're looking for a workman and not a tramp. Did that fellow convince you that he really wants to work?"

"I 'll la-ay me hat ag'in a plugged nickel that he wa-ants f'r to get a job th' wor . .

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wa-ay," asserted Policeman Flynn. "If ye 're lukkin' f'r a ma-an, why don't ye give him a chanst?"

The manager looked surprised, but not convinced.

"Why, as a matter of fact," he said, "I don't believe he wants a job. That was only an excuse to escape arrest as a vagrant. Just remember how he looked. Everything was against him."

"An' iverything will be ag'inst him till some wan gives him th' chanst," insisted Policeman Flynn. "Oho! we 're a fine lot iv gazabos in this wor-rld, we are f'r sure. We throw a ma-an down an' shtand on his chist, an' thin we ask him, 'Why don't ye get up?' 'I 'm thryin' to,' says he; 'give me a ha-and,' he says. 'Get up fir-rst,' we says, niver takin' a fut off his chist; 'we 'll be gla-ad f'r to help ye,' we says, 'whin ye 're on ye-er feet.' Did ye niver notice how we hold out th' helpin' ha-and to him that 's up an' tur-rn our ba-acks on him that 's down?"

"To tell the truth," said the manager thoughtfully, "if the fellow had looked half-way decent and had had a home I would have

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been tempted to give him a trial, for we need a good, willing man."

"Ye must ha-ave a home befoor ye can get wor-rk and ye must get wor-rk befoor ye can ha-ave a home," commented Policeman Flynn. "Ye must ha-ave th' clo'es f'r th' job, but ye must ha-ave th' job f'r to get th' clo'es. D' ye see th' wa-ay it comes out?"

"You 're a clever pleader," asserted the manager with a laugh. "Sit down and tell me what you have learned about the man. It 's strange to find a policeman helping a vagrant."

"'T is often done, if ye only knew it," said Policeman Flynn.

When the case was called in the police court Policeman Flynn gave all present the surprise of their lives.

"Ye-er Honor," he said, "I 'll ask ye f'r to l'ave th' ma-an go. I made a mista-ake. He do be havin' a job."

"He does n't look it," returned the magistrate. "He looks like a hobo without food or shelter. Has he any money?"

Policeman Flynn looked troubled, but only for a minute. Then he reached into his poc-

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ket, pulled out a silver dollar, and coolly handed it to the prisoner.

"Yis, ye-er Honor," he said blandly.

"Discharged," said the magistrate. Then he added thoughtfully, half to himself, "You can make a man and unmake him and remake him, and the job that 's least often done is the last one, but I believe that policeman is trying it."

XI

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*HE EFFECTS A
COMPROMISE*

—

CHAPTER XI

HE EFFECTS A COMPROMISE

"**B**ARNEY," said Mrs. Barney Flynn, as the policeman settled himself for a smoke.

"Prisent," returned Policeman Flynn, absent-mindedly saluting.

"Ha-ave ye a minute to spa-are?"

"I ha-ave tin iv thim," answered Policeman Flynn.

"'T will be enough," said Mrs. Flynn. "I wisht ye 'd run nixt door an' arrist Mrs. Dugan."

"F'r why?" asked Policeman Flynn, looking at her in astonishment. "Did she give ye the cold shtare whin ye pa-assed her be th' corner, or did she tell th' neigh-bors ye was wearin' a hat iv la-ast year's crop?"

"Ha-ave a little sinse about ye, Barney,"

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returned Mrs. Flynn, indignantly. "She do be pilin' ashes ferninst th' fince, where they blows over an' roons the wor-rk iv a day's washin'. I ha-ave th' clo'es hung out to dhry, an' whin I take thim in me best white pitticoat luks like a polky-dot dhress."

"Why don't ye wear it f'r wan?" demanded Policeman Flynn, pertinently. "'T w'u'd be money saved."

"Barney, are ye a fool?" asked Mrs. Flynn, warmly. "Will ye arrist that woman or will ye not?"

"'T is th' first time I iver knew ye c'u'd n't hold up ye-er own ind with anny wan," replied Policeman Flynn, evasively. "If they was foor to wan, 't w'u'd be dif'rint; but with wan to wan I niver knew ye to back down."

"Back down, is it!" cried Mrs. Flynn. "Sure, ye betther not sa-ay that more than wanst. Back down! Oh, me! Oh, my! G'wan over an' ask Mrs. Dugan if I backed down. I give her as good as she give me ivery time. D' ye think I ha-ave no tongue in me head to let th' likes iv her come over me?"

"I know ye ha-ave," said Policeman Flynn,

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with feeling. "But, accordin' to ye-er own shtory, 't is an akel thing."

"'T is not, if ye 're a ma-an," asserted Mrs. Flynn; "if ye 're not, thin I've me know it. 'T is an akel thing bechune her an' me, with me havin' a little th' best iv it; but her ma-an do be a dhriver an' not a po-lisman. F'r why are ye on th' foorce? F'r th' protiction iv thim as needs it. If ye 'll not shtand up f'r me, I might as well be marri'd to a hod-caryer."

"Mrs. Flynn," said the patrolman, impressively, "there 's wan thing I'd like f'r to tell ye. 'T is me that niver shir-rked me juty. I've been ferninst the wor-rst that iver come down th' pla-ank r-road. I've tuk three min to the station to wanst, an' I've kep' ordher Illiction Day in th' ha-ardest disthrikt in th' city. I've tuk th' con min an' th' sthrong-arm min an' the wor-rst char-acters that iver was put behind the ba-ars, but I niver wint up ferninst a woman in a clo'es-line fight, an' I niver will while I ha-ave me sinses lift to me. I'd rather go to th' pa-ark an' arrist th' tiger f'r playin' with a b' nd pig, I w'u'd that. I'd rather r-run in th' elyphant f'r th' larceny iv a bale iv hay. I'd sooner dispute th' r-right iv

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wa-ay iv a cable-car with me ba-ack tur-rned to it. Mrs. Flynn"—and here he became even more impressive—"I ha-ave a head iv hair that I 'd like f'r to keep, an' 't is not to me likin' to ha-ave me uniform tore to pieces."

"Ye 'll not arrist her?"

"I will not."

"Will ye go over and talk to her fri'ndly-like?"

"What 'll I sa-ay to her?"

"Tell her in a qui't, ginteel wa-ay that she 's no la-ady, or she 'd not be afther throwin' ashes where they blows on me clo'es, an' talkin' back to her betthers. Shpeak gintle, iv coorse, but tell her ye 'll sind her to th' pinitintary and br-reak her ma-an's head in with ye-er club if she says wan wor-rd more to me, whither I shpeak to her or not. Will ye do that f'r me, Barney?"

"I will not," answered Policeman Flynn. "F'r why? F'r because 't w'u'd be nicissary f'r to take ye both in if I tuk wan."

This seemed to Policeman Flynn to be an inspiration, but he was not posted on feminine logic or he would have known better. Wise and sensible as Mrs. Flynn was when advising him



Policeman Flynn in a reasoning attitude.

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in relation to matters that did not directly concern herself, personal interest had a tendency to pervert her views.

"'T w'u'd be a fine thing," went on Policeman Flynn, "f'r me to go ma-archin' to th' station with me wife an' me neigh-bor's wife. Oho! I think I see mesilf. 'What's th' charge?' says th' judge. 'Disord'ly conduct,' says I. 'What's they been doin'?' says he. 'Jawin' each other over th' fince,' says I, 'distur-rbin' ivery wan in th' block. Me wife,' I says, 'tells me neigh-bor's wife her father was sint back be th' immigration officials f'r th' reason he's wanted f'r shtealin' a pig, an' me neigh-bor's wife tells me own wife that her brother's dodgin' th' po-lis now. An' from that they go to callin' ha-ard names an' vi-latin' th' law.' 'T w'u'd be a gr-reat sight, it w'u'd that."

"Ye c'u'd n't arrist me f'r that," asserted Mrs. Flynn."

"F'r why?"

"F'r because I'm a po-lisman's wife," was the confident reply, and then, considering that matter settled, she returned to the charge. "I'll tell ye what, Barn-y Flynn," she said, "ye'll make that woman ha-ave a civil tongue in her

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head, or ye 'll ha-ave no hot coffee waitin' f'r ye whin ye come home anny more. If ye-er cow'rdly nature won't let ye ta-alk to th' woman, go lam her ma-an wanst, jist to let thim know ye 're shtandin' up f'r th' r-rights iv ye-er wife."

"M-m-m, well," replied Policeman Flynn, apparently brought to terms by this threat, "if ye insist, I 'll ha-ve it out with him. They's no ma-an walks that I 'm afraid to go ferninst, but a woman—" He ended the sentence with a shake of his head.

"Give it to him good," urged Mrs. Flynn. "She 's been threat'nin' to tell him to knock ye-er head off. Give it to him in th' neck."

"'T is there I aim to put it," said Policeman Flynn.

The matter being thus settled, nothing remained but to carry out the plan, and Policeman Flynn straightway hunted up Dugan. They shook hands in a guarded sort of way, like two watchful prize-fighters, and then the policeman remarked casually: "Th' good woman do be ha-avin' some wor-rds with ye-er wife."

"I heard iv it," replied Dugan, and for a minute they eyed each other suspiciously.

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"'T is a sha-ame to ha-ave quar'ls bechune fri'nds," asserted Policeman Flynn, finally. "If ye 'll put a br-rake on ye-er wife's tongue I 'll do th' same be mine."

"If ye 'll ha-ave ye-er wife keep her clapper shtill," returned Dugan, "I 'll ha-ave th' ash-pile changed."

"'T is done," responded Policeman Flynn, promptly. "Will ye ha-ave a bit iv th' ol' shtuff at Hogan's ba-ar?"

"I will."

When Policeman Flynn reached home he announced that the ashes thereafter would be dumped elsewhere. "But don't mintion it," he cautioned. "Don't say a wor-rd to Mrs. Dugan. Poor la-ad, I 'm sorry f'r him, an' they 's no use r-rubbin' it in."

"What did ye do to him?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"I give it to him," answered the patrolman, "first in th' mouth an' thin in th' neck." And he added to himself, "It wint down that wa-ay, f'r I saw it go."

XII

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*HE CHASTISES
HIS SON*

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CHAPTER XII

HE CHASTISES HIS SON

POLICEMAN BARNEY FLYNN had just settled himself for an "off-duty" smoke, when his wife broke in upon his meditations.

"Th' bye 's been fightin' ag'in," she said.

"Terry?" asked Policeman Flynn, without any great display of interest.

"F'r sure," replied Mrs. Flynn, scornfully. "Why d' ye ask thim fool questions? Have we anny other?"

"'T is you that sh'u'd know," retorted Policeman Flynn. And then he added: "Was he licked?"

"He was not," answered Mrs. Flynn, with emphasis.

"'T is a good thing f'r him," asserted Policeman Flynn. "If he 'd got wan lickin', there 'd be another due him."

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"F'r why?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

Policeman Flynn looked at her in surprise.

"Oho! ye 're an observin' woman, ye are that!" he exclaimed. "Don't ye know 't is th' wa-ay iv th' wor-rld f'r to lick th' ma-an that gets licked, an' be a good felly with th' ma-an that wins? They's no cr-rime in th' eyes iv a hero-worshipin' public like bein' done up be th' other felly."

"As an officer iv th' la-aw ye sh'u'd aim to shtop fightin'," urged Mrs. Flynn.

"Luk at that, now! Oho! w'u'd ye luk at that?" cried Policeman Flynn. "Th' whole the'ry iv civilization is to teach min how to fight, an' fight fair, an' thin ye 'd call on th' po-lis f'r to shtop it. Th' ma-an sinds his bye to boxin'-school, an' he says to him, 'L'arn' f'r to do up annybody ye go ferninst,' an' th' bye wor-rks at th' job till he thinks he knows how, an' then he goes out to find if he's mastered th' art. An' how's he to find out, Mary? Tell me that! 'T is only be goin' up ferninst th' fir-rst ma-an that comes handy, an' he does that same. An' why sh'u'd n't he? Top an' bottom, crisscross, up an' down, 't is all the same. Iverywhere ye tur-rn, min is l'arnin' to fight.

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Ivery nation on th' fa-ace iv the globe keeps min f'r that pur-rpose, an' has shchools f'r to show thim how, an' th' fightin' ma-an is th' gr-reat ma-an. Whin he goes out f'r a wa-alk, th' gir-rls make eyes at him, an' th' wi-men say, 'My! ain't he han'some?' an' th' main tur-rn an' shtare at him an' tell each other, "'T is th' gr-reat gin'ral' or "'T is Adm'ril Smith.' 'What did he do?' says you, not knowin' him. 'Why,' says they, surpr-rised at ye-er ign'rance — 'why, he licked th' inemy twinty-seven times without wanst shtoppin' f'r breakfast.' An' th' bye shtandin' near an' hearin' iv it all goes round th' corner an' whales th' fir-rst la-ad he comes acrost. Thin ye take him in th' house an' tell him 't is wr-rong to fight, an' while ye 're doin' it, wor-rd comes that some wan has neglected to say-lute th' fla-ag, an' ye throw ye-er hat on th' floor an' jump on it, an' yell f'r th' blood iv every ma-an iv th' dasthardly nation that dared to do it. Iv coorse, Mary, ye 'll undershtand I 'm shpeakin' gin'rally, an' not iv you personally. You, bein' a woman, c'u'd n't r-reach th' p'int iv jumpin' on ye-er hat. But 't is all th' same. Th' byes will fight."

"I sup-pose ye 'll be afther excusin' it be

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sayin' that 'byes will be byes,' " suggested Mrs. Flynn, sarcastically.

"I 'il do nawthin' iv th' kind," returned Policeman Flynn. "'T is only that byes will be min, an' min will be byes, vicy-versy, annyway ye wa-ant to put it, an' th' best ye can do is f'r to referee it, regardliss iv whether 't is byes, min, or counthries. There was Cassidy over in th' nixt blo-ock beyant, f'r inshtance. Cassidy 'd jist come from mass wa-an da-ay, an' was feelin' pious-like an' thinkin' iv th' sins iv th' wor-rld growin' out iv vi'lent timpers, an' his bye comes along with a bla-ack eye. 'What 've ye been doin'?' says Cassidy. 'Fightin',' says th' bye. 'F'r why?' says Cassidy. 'Mickey Dugan ca-alled me a naygur,' says th' la-ad. "'T is no matther,' says Cassidy; 'ye sh'u'd have kep' ye-er timper.' An' with that he whales th' bye f'r fightin'. Not f'r bein' licked, mind ye, but f'r fightin'. Thin Cassidy goes out f'r a qui't shmoke, an' whin he comes ba-ack he has his coat r-ripped an' a bump on his head, an' his good woman says to him, 'What 's happened to ye?' an' he says, 'A ma-an at th' corner beyant called me a lyin' thief iv th' wor-rld, an' I 'll ta-ake that from no wan that lives.' 'T is

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th' same iverywhere. We ha-ave our peace conf'rinces, but we spind our money on th' big guns. I 'll not whale Terry f'r fightin' whin he don't be licked or don't jump on a shmaller la-ad. If he 's licked he sh'u'd be whaled f'r to make him fight ha-arder the nixt time, and if he jumps on a shmaller la-ad he sh'u'd be whaled f'r bein' a cow'rd."

"He 's been throwin' r-rocks at a Chinyman, too," suggested Mrs. Flynn.

"Oho!" cried Policeman Flynn, "an' what iv that? 'T is wr-rong, I grant ye, but th' Chink is th' ta-arget f'r th' whole wor-rld. Why, they 've been throwin' r-rocks at th' Chink in Chiny. 'All I ask,' says he, 'is to be let alone. I 'm doin' all r-right here in me own home, an' me only wish is f'r ye all to keep away.' But 't is too fine a grab-bag, an' they push him an' shove him an' take a bit iv this an a bit iv that, an' whin in his ign'rance he gets ma-ad, they all pitch in an' beat him all up. 'T is not fair an' r-right, iv coorse, an' I 'll give Terry a war-rnin'; but ivery wan 's been heavin' things at Chiny f'r so long that it seems to th' byes like th' c'rect thing to do. Why, Mary, 't is only a bit iv a time since that wor-rd come to

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th' station there was a riot goin' on an' a man bein' kilt. 'Sind out th' wagon an' twinty min!' cries th' capt'in. 'Hold on!' says th' man at th' tiliphone. 'T is Murphy callin', an' he says he jist l'arned 't is only a mob beatin' up a Chinyman, an' he wa-ants to know what he 'll do.' 'Shtop th' wagon,' says th' capt'in, 'an' tell Murphy f'r to bring th' Chinyman in an' lock him up whin th' mob 's through with him.' Th' whole the'ry is that th' Chink is committin' a cr-rime be livin' at all, an' he must be ray-formed iv that vice. I 'll ta-alk to th' lad, but I 'll not whale him while he has so many ba-ad ixamples."

"He put a stone through th' Widdy Kelly's windy," urged Mrs. Flynn, as a last resort.

"What 's that!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, suddenly straightening up. "Vi'latin' th' city orjinances, is he? Deshtroyin' the r-rights iv property an' interferin' with good, ha-ard-workin' people. Where is he? 'T is f'r me to show him th' la-aws ferninst malicious mischief is made to be infoorced."

From the next room Terry had overheard this remark, and before Policeman Flynn could reach him he was out in the back yard looking



“Come down out iv that!”

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for an available place of refuge. A tree—the only one in the locality, and the pride of Mrs. Flynn's heart—caught his eye, and he reached the only branch that would hold him before his father could lay hands on him.

"Come down out iv that!" commanded Policeman Flynn.

"I 'll not," replied the boy.

"Mary, bring me th' ax," was the next command.

"F'r why?" demanded Mrs. Flynn, scornfully. "D' ye think ye're a George Washin'-ton f'r to be choppin' down threes? If ye wa-ant th' lad 't is f'r you to go up afther him."

Policeman Flynn circled round the tree two or three times, but finally made up his mind that the only thing for him to do was to follow his wife's advice. What happened after that is somewhat hazy. It was only a short climb, but the branch could not be reached from the ground, so the patrolman encircled the tree with his arms and legs and began the ascent, whereupon there was a suddenness and rapidity of events that was most mystifying. It seemed as if the boy lowered himself somewhat from the limb, and one of his feet certainly came in con-

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tact with his father's fingers, while the other gave a violent push to the irate man's shoulder. There was a yell, and a policeman dropped in a heap at the root of the tree. When he got on his feet again he gave a wild jump and succeeded in catching one of the boy's feet.

It is best to draw a veil over what immediately followed. When order was finally restored as a result of the earnest efforts of Mrs. Flynn, the boy was wailing and the man was standing triumphant with a piece of shingle in his hand.

"Did ye hear him? Oho! did ye hear him?" cried Policeman Flynn. "I c'u'd have shtood annything but that. Did ye hear what he said, Mary?"

"I—I 'll never do it again, father," pleaded the lad.

"I sh'u'd n't think ye w'u'd," returned Policeman Flynn. "Why, 't is enough to ma-ake wan take a scantlin' to ye. D' ye mind what he said, Mary? Here was I on th' har-rd ground, where I 'd come down like a thousand iv brick, owin' to him kickin' me knuckles, an' he says to me, he says—"

"What did he sa-ay?" asked Mrs. Flynn,

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as the patrolman's excitement seemed in a fair way to curtail his power of speech.

"He says to me, th' ol' man, he says,
'W'u'd n't that ja-ar ye?'"

XIII

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*HE ARRESTS A
DEFAULTER*

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CHAPTER XIII

HE ARRESTS A DEFAULTER

POLICEMAN BARNEY FLYNN was on reserve duty when the Captain sent for him. The policeman sighed, knocked the ashes from his pipe into a cuspidor, put the pipe away, and laboriously rose from his chair.

"Some felly's been makin' throuble f'r himsilf," he said, "an' f'er me. 'T is a sha-ame that he sh'u'd be so lackin' in sinse as to shpoil a po-lisman's r-rest be committin' a cr-rime."

He found a well-dressed, prosperous-looking man closeted with the Captain, and the latter lost no time in explaining the nature of the business in hand.

"Flynn," he said, "this is Mr. Baxter, whose confidential clerk defaulted a few weeks ago, and has been in hiding ever since the short-

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age was discovered. You remember the case, of course. Well, Mr. Baxter has just received reliable information that the man secretly returned to his home last night, and is there now. Here 's a warrant for his arrest, and I don't want you to come back without him. Mr. Baxter will go with you to identify him."

Policeman Flynn took the warrant and turned to Mr. Baxter.

"A despicable crime," commented the latter, bitterly. "He had been with me for years, and I always had been his friend. I trusted him implicitly."

"F'r sure," said Policeman Flynn, but without any enthusiasm. Then, as he picked up a pair of handcuffs, he added, "'T is best to take th' bracerlits along, f'r they ma-ay be handy."

A carriage was waiting, and as Flynn and Mr. Baxter rolled along the latter voiced his indignation.

"You can't trust anybody these days," he asserted. "The young men are utterly unreliable. They all want to live beyond their means, and in order to do it they naturally have to use another man's money. It 's the age of high living and consequent defalcations."

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"Mebbe 't is so," assented Policeman Flynn, "but there do be la-ads I 've thought was honest."

"Honest when there 's nothing they can steal," grumbled Mr. Baxter. "Why, I taught this young fellow all that he knows about business—I gave him his training—and you 'd think that gratitude alone would make him faithful to me."

"Sure ye w'u'd," admitted Policeman Flynn. "'T is a fine thing, is gratichude, whin ye don't ha-ave f'r to feed a fam'ly on it."

Mr. Baxter's indignation did not permit him to te the sentiment underlying this remark.

"I have advanced him steadily," he went on, "and with increased responsibilities I have given him more money until at the time he stole from me he was receiving \$800 a year, and I intended to make it \$850 next year."

"Eight hundred dollars a year," repeated Policeman Flynn, reflectively, "an' iv coorse ye thrustured him with money."

"Certainly. He 's had as much as \$15,000 or \$20,000 in cash in his keeping frequently, and practically all the money that came in or was paid out passed through his hands. Why,

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he began with me as an office-boy, and I had absolute confidence in him. I liked him, too. I gave him \$25 for a wedding present when he was married three years ago."

"An' ye give him eight hundred dollars a year," said Policeman Flynn again, as he thoughtlessly jangled the handcuffs in his pocket.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Baxter irritably. "It annoys me."

"Ye 're not th' only wan that 's made nervous be th' clink iv thim things," retorted the policeman in a tone that made Mr. Baxter straighten up suddenly and inquire sharply what he meant.

"Niver a thing," answered Flynn conciliatorily. "I was n't thinkin' iv what I was sayin'. Me mind was on a shtory I wanst hear-rd iv a hungry ma-an. Oho! 't is a shtrange story, an' most like 't is wan iv th' fa-able kind that has no thruth in thim, but it kind iv come to me now. I 'll tell it to ye."

At first Mr. Baxter was inclined to protest, but he thought better of it. There was still some distance to go, and the story might prove amusing, while his thoughts were not.

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"Ye see," said Policeman Flynn, "there was a hungry la-ad come to th' door iv a house an' asked f'r a bite to eat.

"'Are ye a honest ma-an?' says th' woman iv th' house.

"'I am,' says th' ma-an.

"'Thin,' says th' woman, 'I'll give ye a bowl iv porridge—a fine la-arge bowl—an' a shpoon, an' whin ye 've tuk three shpoonsful out iv th' bowl bring th' r-rest iv it back to me, f'r I 'm thinkin' I 'll ha-ave use f'r it.'

"'T was a ha-ard job, but th' ma-an brought th' r-rest iv it back, an' th' nixt da-ay he come to her wanst more. She give him th' gr-reat bowl an' th' sphoon ag'in an' tol' him th' sa-ame as befoor' an' he was shtill an honest ma-an. He kep' gettin' hungrier ivery day, an' fin'ly, be th' ind iv th' week, she wint awa-ay an' lift him in th' kitchen an' he ate iverything in sight, so's she an' th' ol' ma-an had to go hungry till th' nixt pay day."

"She was a fool," asserted Mr. Baxter, although the story had not interested him particularly in consequence of his preoccupation.

"R-right ye are," acquiesced Policeman Flynn. "Whin 't is nicissary to thrust food to

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a ma-an, ye sh'u'd feed him fir-rst. Ye can't ixpect a hungry ma-an f'r to shtay hungry whin they 's food undher his nose." Then, after a pause, he added thoughtfully, "'T is a shtrange thing!"

"What 's a strange thing?" asked Mr. Baxter.

"I was thinkin' ye niver hear iv anny iv me fri'nd J. Pierpont Morgan's confidintial la-ads r-runnin' away with th' cash, an' he must ha-ave a lot iv fellies that handles money f'r him. An' I 've hear-rd that me other fri'nd, Phil Armour, whin he was livin' had plinty iv min that he thrusted."

"They may have been exceptionally fortunate," suggested Mr. Baxter.

"Mebbe 't is so," returned Policeman Flynn, "an' mebbe they 've fed th' la-ads befoor they give thim th' porridge to look afther. Iv coorse," he hastened to add as his companion tried to interrupt him, "ye ha-ave f'r to wa-atch our f'r th' gluttons that 's niver satisfied."

"Are you trying to defend this defaulter?" demanded Mr. Baxter with sudden dignity.

"Are you so far forgetting your place and your duty that—"

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"Niver a bit *iv* it," broke in Policeman Flynn meekly. "'T is not f'r me to pass judgmint on thim that vi'lates th' la-aw, only th' idee comes to me—well, niver mind! F'r why sh'u'd a po-lisman be botherin' with idees annyhow?"

Mr. Baxter looked at him sharply, and then turned away. Flynn's words and manner annoyed him, but the offense committed, if any, was intangible, and nothing was to be gained by engaging in a dispute. So he looked at the buildings they were passing and kept silent until Flynn nervously jangled the handcuffs again, when he again protested irritably.

"'T is onintintional," apologized Policeman Flynn. "There do be times whin I r-reach f'r thim sort *iv* nat'ral-like."

The fugitive was found in the little flat he had occupied with his wife and child, but the arrest was not made without trouble. The policeman on the beat was stationed at the rear entrance to prevent escape that way, but it proved to be an unnecessary precaution. The man saw them the moment the door was opened and made a rush for the rear; but Flynn was too quick for him. Brushing past the woman

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who opened the door he was on the fugitive's back before the latter had taken half a dozen steps. They went to the floor together, while the woman screamed and then began to pommel and scratch Flynn. In a trice, however, he had the handcuffs on his prisoner, and as they rose the woman retreated a little, although her eyes still flashed defiance and anger. During the struggle Mr. Baxter had stood in the doorway, trembling with excitement and anxiety lest the man should escape. Now he cried exultingly, "You 've got him! You 've got him! That 's the man!"

"Now that you have him," said the woman bitterly, "I suppose you will take me, too."

"She interfered with you," suggested Mr. Baxter, who felt that both his feelings and the majesty of the law had been ruthlessly trampled upon. "Look at your face."

Policeman Flynn drew his hand across his face, which was badly scratched, and then wiped the blood away with his handkerchief. Ignoring the employer, he turned to the wife of the former employee, and asked: "F'r why sh'u'd I arrist ye? F'r because ye thried f'r to help ye-er ma-an? I 'm sorry f'r ye an' I 'm pr-roud iv ye."

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She looked surprised ; then, as Flynn turned to leave with his prisoner, she began to weep. He looked at her, at the modestly-furnished flat, at the man who had caused the arrest, shook his head solemnly and marched his man down stairs.

"I'll not ride back with you," announced Mr. Baxter when the street was reached.

"'T is betther so," said Policeman Flynn in a tone that made the other flush, although it gave no chance for a protest.

The ride was made in silence until the station was almost reached. Then the prisoner remarked, "Some men would have taken my wife along."

"Mebbe so," admitted Policeman Flynn, "but, ye see, I c'u'd n't help thinkin' what w'u'd happen to th' la-ad that come to Barney Flynn's house an' thried f'r to put th' brace-lits on him with Mrs. Flynn lukkin' on. I got no more than was comin' to me f'r the wor-rk I was doin'."

When his prisoner was safely locked up Flynn retired to the squad-room, and for a long time remained buried in thought, after which he treated some of his brother officers to this thoughtful commentary :

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"An edjicated ma-an, with a business thrain-in, an' a wife, an' a ba-aby, an' docthor's bills, an' manny years iv faithful wor-rk, an' slathers iv money passin' through his hands, an' him gettin' eight hunderd a year. Accordin' to the la-aw 't is th' r-right thing I've done, but, layin' th' la-aw to wan side, th' idea do be r-run-nin' in me head that I put th' braselits on the wr-rong ma-an."

XIV

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*HE DISCUSSES
MARRIAGE*

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CHAPTER XIV

HE DISCUSSES MARRIAGE

POLICEMAN FLYNN'S daughter Maggie was ill at ease, and this was so unusual for her that he could not fail to notice it.

"What ye been doin'?" he asked. "Ha-ave ye lammed wan iv th' kids too har-rd an' got his parints afther ye?"

"I never inflict corporal punishment on the children in my school, father," answered the girl.

"Corp'ril punishment," repeated Policeman Flynn, reflectively. "I sh'u'd n't think ye w'u'd. I niver hear-rd iv it before, but I suppose 't is th' kind iv punishment they ha-ave in th' ar-rmy. Annyhow, I niver hear-rd iv a corp'ril annywhere ilse."

"I mean that I never chastise them," remarked the girl. "I explained that to you once before."

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"Ye did that," admitted Policeman Flynn, "but I was thinkin' that mebbe ye 'd l'arned some sinse iv late. What 's throublin' ye, anny-way? Ha-ave some iv ye-er gir-rl fri'nds been sayin' ye ha-ave no taste in dhress or that ye have a nose that 's out iv shtyle?"

"I wish you would n't be foolish, father," returned the girl. "I want to speak to you seriously. I 'm thinking of getting married."

"To th' felly that put me out iv th' windy?"

"Yes."

"He 's a good ma-an," commented Policeman Flynn. "I like him."

"You said he could have me, too," suggested the girl.

"R-right ye are," assented Policeman Flynn, "but I signed no tin-da-ay note. I give him th' option, but th' time iv day-liv'ry was not fixed, as me fri-nds iv th' Shtock Exchange sa-ay. Can he sup-port ye?"

The girl hesitated and showed some confusion.

"You know I could keep right along with my school," she said at last, "and in that way we could live more comfortably together than we can now separately."



“ ‘To th’ felly that put me out in th’ windy?’ ”

P O L I C E M A N F L Y N N

Policeman Flynn looked at her reproachfully.

"I thought betther iv ye than that, Maggie," he remarked. "F'r why ha-ave ye been edjicated if ye don't l'arn sinse? Here 's a felly that's shwimmin' along in th' sea iv life, as they sa-ay in th' books, an' he finds it har-rd work. 'T is monot'nous,' he says, 'an' 't w'u'd be betther an' more inj'yable if I c'u'd ha-ave a cha-ange.' So he ties a shtone r-round his neck f'r to ray-lieve th' monot'ny iv shwimmin' alone."

"But don't you see, father," urged the girl, "I will be a help rather than a burden to him?"

"Ye will—f'r a time," replied Policeman Flynn, "but th' the'ry iv it is all wrong. Ye ma-ake me think iv Hogan an' Cassidy in th' r-races last Fourth iv July. 'T is a sha-ame,' says Hogan, 'f'r us to be usin' four legs bechune us whin 't is not nicissary. In th' in-th'rists iv economy,' he says, 'let 's divide th' labor bechune us an' save our shtrength.' So they ma-ade it a three-legged r-race, an' whir th' rist iv th' la-ads finished, owin' to keepin' sep-rit, Hogan an' Cassidy was r-rollin' on th' ground, each wan accusin' th' other iv havin' held him ba-ack. 'T is th' sa-ame with marri'ge.

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If th' la-ad wants f'r ye to tie up to him he sh'u'd ha-ve a wagon r-ready to carry ye over th' coorse, so 's ye won't be callin' names before ye 're fairly sta-arted."

"I wish you would n't talk in parables," said the girl.

"Go shlow, there!" cautioned Policeman Flynn. "Don't ye get to callin' names whin I 'm thryin' f'r to ma-ake it plain to ye. 'T is this wa-ay : ye 're each pushin' ye-er little ca-art, an' ye think 't w'u'd not be so ha-ard f'r th' two iv ye to push wan big ca-art; but ye f'rgit that 't is likely wan iv ye will ha-ave to get in an' r-ride afther a bit, an' th' other will ha-ave to do th' wo-ork f'r th' three iv ye."

"You mean two, don't you?" asked the girl.

"'T was three I said," answered Policeman Flynn. And she hastily changed the subject.

"Then you think a married woman ought never to work," she suggested, with a little of bitterness and rebellion in her tone.

"Wr-rong," returned Policeman Flynn, with emphasis. "There 's wor-rk in th' house f'r her to do, an' if throuble comes 't is r-right that she sh'u'd get outside an' help, too, if there 's annything she can do; but 't is a mista-ake to

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sta-art in on that idee. I ha-ave ivery rayspict f'r th' married woman that helps to ma-ake th' livin' whin 't is nicissary, but 't is diff'rint whin a gir-rl an' a felly puts a handicap on thimsilves at th' sta-art."

"How was it in your case?" asked the girl.

"What 's that?" demanded Policeman Flynn, with some perturbation.

"How was it in your case?"

"Ye-er mother," answered Policeman Flynn, evasively, "was a sooper-yer woman."

"How was it in your case?" persisted the girl, quick to see her advantage.

"'T is wr-rong," asserted Policeman Flynn, "f'r to go into ancient hith'ry f'r ixamples to folly. Th' wor-rld 's improvin'."

"How was it in your case?" repeated the girl, determined to drive him into a corner.

"'T is no jury thrial we 're havin' here," answered Policeman Flynn. "Th' coort 's adjourned, an' we 'll ha-ave no practisin' iv la-awyer thricks. I niver did like thim new woman idees."

"How was it in your case?" again the girl demanded.

"Well, 't was only f'r a little while," said

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Policeman Flynn, apologetically. "I had th' promise iv a job on th' po-lis foorce with pay enough f'r to keep a wife, or I niver w'u'd have done it."

"But she did continue working?"

"Only f'r a bit," explained Policeman Flynn; "but 't is diff'rint now."

"How is it different?"

Policeman Flynn was so uncomfortable by this time that he began walking nervously back and forth.

"Little did I think," he said, "that anny wan but ye-er mother w'u'd iver ha-ave me wa-alk-in' th' carpit in me own home like th' capt'in has th' la-ads goin' at th' station whin things is wr-rong. But ha-ave ye-er own wa-ay, only I tell ye this: if he marries ye before he can support ye, I 'll call him Peter—I will that."

"Why Peter?" asked the girl, somewhat worried by this veiled threat.

"Because," replied Policeman Flynn, impressively, "Peter was th' ma-an iv th' nurs'ry r-rhyme that 'had a wife an' c'u'd n't keep her.'"

XV

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*HE STOPS A
RUNAWAY*

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CHAPTER XV

HE STOPS A RUNAWAY

THEY had been discussing the various duties of a policeman at the station, and the subject of runaways had come up for incidental consideration.

"The way to stop a runaway," the captain had said, "is to catch the horse by the bit. Never yell at him, for that only frightens him the more, and of course the worst thing a man can do is to get out in the street and jump around and wave his arms. Just keep your head, take things cool and easy, and catch him by the bit. You might as well try to stop a locomotive by catching hold of the tender as to stop a horse by grabbing any of the harness back of the bridle."

"Is thim to be ta-aken as ordhers?" Policeman Barney Flynn had asked at this point.

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"Certainly," the captain had replied.

"Thin 't is me that hopes they 'll put cur-rb-bits with handles to thim on ivery hor-rse in me disthric," had been Policeman Flynn's comment.

Nevertheless, these instructions, given half jokingly in a general conversation some time previous to the events here to be recorded, became firmly impressed on the policeman's mind. He referred to them repeatedly in his conversations with his wife, and on one occasion, when she was endeavoring to lay her hands on their elusive boy Terry, he suddenly called to her, "Ca-atch him be th' bit!" The subject seemed to worry him not a little.

"I wondher," he remarked on another occasion, "if 't was in his mind I 'd thry f'r to ca-atch him be th' leg."

"P'r'aps," suggested Mrs. Flynn, "he had th' idee ye 'd ca-atch him be th' tail or that ye 'd grab th' back iv th' wagon an' pull."

"Oho! 't is likely so," returned Policeman Flynn. "But it luks to me like a matther that day-pinds on circumsthances. Ye ray-mimber Tim Dolan, Mary, him that weighed two hundred an' ninety-seven pounds in his shtockin'-feet—"

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"Ye 're thinkin' iv how tall he was," interrupted Mrs. Flynn.

"I am not," retorted the policeman. "I'm thinkin' iv th' size iv his fur an' his antiquated weight iv his boots. Now will ye not give or clapper shtill an' let me make me shtop an' shtoppin' iv runaways? 'T was pure rasoourcefulness with him. Th' ca-art was comin' down th' shtreet with a little gi-ir in it, an' th' dog was r-runnin' away."

"Th' dog?" cried Mrs. Flynn, in astonishment.

"F'r sure," replied Policeman Flynn. "'T was a dog-ca-art made out iv a soap-box, an' th' dog all iv a sudden wint afther a cat. Ivery ma-an an' bye in th' block thried f'r to shtop it, an' not a wan c'u'd do it, an' thin it come to Dolan. If he 'd hear-rd th' capt'in's talk 't is like as not he 'd thried to ca-atch him be th' bit, but not bein' poshted, he used his br-rain, an' whin th' dog was passin' he fell on him. 'T was th' only thing f'r a ma-an like him to do, an' th' p'int I make is that ye must use a bit iv judg-mint now an' thin an' not do iverything be rule."

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"What happened to th' gir-rl?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"A felly in th' nixt block caught her in his ar-rms before she shtruck th' gr-round."

"Barney Flynn, ye 're lyin' to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, and she was so indignant that she refused to continue the conversation. But Policeman Flynn brought the subject up again and again, always holding that the course to be pursued ought to depend entirely on the circumstances, but that it was, nevertheless, the duty of a policeman to obey his superior's orders.

It was a month or so later that his trial came. Shouts and cries attracted his attention one day, and before he fully realized what was happening, a runaway horse attached to a light wagon was almost upon him. "Ca-atch him be th' bit," he muttered to himself, but he could n't get into the street in time even to try that. Policeman Flynn, however, is a man of nerve and daring, as has been demonstrated on many occasions. He believes in doing things the right way, which is the way provided for in verbal or written police instructions; but when that is impossible, any way is good enough for him.



"An be finally got nuttled on the horse's head."

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"'T is wr-rong," he thought, as he caught the tail-board of the wagon as it went past, "but 't is betther than not thryin' at all."

It required both strength and activity, but Policeman Flynn succeeded in swinging himself over the tail-board, and worked his way along the wagon-box to the seat. Here he found that the reins had fallen over the dash-board, and he had to climb over the seat to get them. He was just reaching for them, and the watching pedestrians were starting a cheer for his pluck, when the horse stumbled and fell.

"An' d' ye know," he said in telling about it afterward, "th' very fir-rst thing I knew I was sittin' ashtride th' hor-rse's neck, an' I had th' dash-board with me—I had that same."

At the time, however, he had no leisure to think of that feature of his trip. He merely knew that he was astride the neck of a struggling horse, and that a lot of men were giving him advice from a safe distance.

"Sit on his head!" roared two or three.

"Why, ye divils," sputtered Policeman Flynn, in the midst of his wrestling-match, "d' ye think I wa-ant f'r to sit on his hoofs?"

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"Hold him down!" was another cry from the crowd.

"Don't let him get up!" advised some others.

"He 'll get away!" shouted the doubtful ones.

"If ye think so, why don't some of ye sma-art lads put salt on his tail?" demanded Policeman Flynn, as he finally got settled on the horse's head, and thus was able to hold him comparatively quiet. "Ye 're a bra-ave cr-rowd, ye are, f'r sure," he went on sarcastically, "shtandin' there, afraid to give me a ha-and whin I have him down. If anny iv ye ha-ave hor-rses iv ye-er own ye 'd bettther sell thim an' buy sheep f'r to dhrive."

Just at this moment the captain pushed his way through the crowd, and a few minutes later they had the horse on his feet, still nervous, but reasonably quiet.

As a result of his experience Policeman Flynn was a sight to see, especially as he had n't even had time to brush off his uniform. The captain looked him over and laughed.

"What were you doing out there on his neck, Barney?" he asked.

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The glance that Policeman Flynn gave his superior was reproachful, but the tone of his answer, at least, was respectful.

"I was in th' wagon fir-rst," he said, "but I ray-mimbered ye-er wor-rds, an' I come out here f'r to ca-atch him be th' bit."

XVI

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HE ATTENDS
A BALL

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CHAPTER XVI

HE ATTENDS A BALL

POLICEMAN BARNEY FLYNN stood before the Captain and saluted.

"I 'd like," he said, "f'r to be ordered on th' night pathrol nixt Chuesday."

"Why?" asked the Captain. "Day work is considered preferable, and you 've had that for some time."

Policeman Flynn fingered his helmet nervously for a minute or two before replying.

"'T is a fam'ly matther," he said at last, "but I 'll tell ye th' wa-ay iv it. Ye see, th' good woman is a mimber iv—iv—well, th' name 's shlipped me mind, an' what 't is all about I 've give up guessin', but she do be a mimber in good shtandin', an' she 's r-runnin' f'r th' office iv Gran' Sicritary. 'T w'u'd not be worryin' me, iv coorse, but f'r th' ball that 's

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to come off nixt Chuesday, whin she wants me f'r to do a bit iv campaignin'. "'T is f'r you,' she says to me, 'to prove ye 're a pop'lar ma-an with th' ladies. Ye must da-ance with thim an' be po-lite an' nice so 's they 'll all be fallin' over thimsilves f'r to vote f'r th' wife iv that fine gintleman, Barney Flynn.' Oho! 't is a gr-reat show I 'd ma-ake iv mesilf doin' th' s'ciety act at a ball."

"Well, if you don't want to go, why don't you say so?" asked the Captain. "You can say 'No' to her, can't you?"

"F'r sure," answered Policeman Flynn. "'T is no throuble at all to say 'No,' but 't is th' divil's own job to ma-ake it shtick. Ye may be fir-rm in ye-er tone, but if ye think that inda th' matther 't is f'r you to guess wanst more. 'I 'm sorry about th' ball, Maggie,' says ye-er wife to ye-er gir-rl, lukkin' har-rd at you; 't w'u'd be a gr-reat chanst f'r ye, but ye-er father 's that siln-h he won't go.' An' th' nixt da-ay she says, 'Ye might as well give awa-ay th' new dhress I made ye, f'r ye-er father will give ye no opporchunity f'r to wear it.' Thin at night she sighs an' rayma-arks, "'T is too bad Maggie has no chanst f'r to go in s'ciety

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an' meet th' good people.' An' after a bit she tells ye in a sa-ad tone, 'Mrs. Bur-rke 'll be th' nixt Gran' Sicritary iv th' lodge, f'r her husband is so pop'lar with th' ladies.' Oho! if ye 're a married ma-an, Capt'in, ye know ye niver can r-rule in s'ciety matthers. Ye may be th' ma-an iv th' house in some wa-ays, but whin it comes to puttin' ye-er fut down on a plan iv this sor-rt ye 'll have throuble ma-akin' ye-ersilf think ye 're th' boss."

"Oh, well, I 'll order you on night duty for next Tuesday," said the Captain with a haste that showed he had no disposition to discuss the subject of home rule.

Policeman Flynn went home jubilant. He ought to have known better than to think he had so easily outwitted his wife, but he had the self-complacency of the average man in these affairs and considered the matter settled.

"'T is a matther iv gr-reat ray-grit to me," he said to his wife, "that th' Capt'in has ordhered me on night juty nixt Chuesday. I had me mind all ma-ade up f'r to go to th' ball."

Whether Mrs. Flynn, with feminine intuition, had surmised what would happen, and

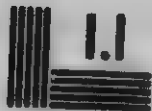


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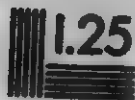
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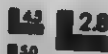
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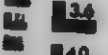
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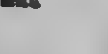
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P O L I C E M A N F L Y N N

had planned a sharp trick for her lord and master must ever remain a matter of conjecture, but certain it is that she smiled grimly as she replied, "Thin 't is all r-right, f'r th' ball 's been cha-anged to Wi'n'sday night."

Policeman Flynn tried to look happy, but it was a hard task.

"'T is a fort'nit thing," he said, "f'r it l'aves me free to go with you and Maggie." But the next night he came home with a long face and announced that he had made a mistake in the orders. It was Wednesday that he was to go on night duty.

Mrs. Flynn smiled even more grimly than before as she said, "Oh, shtrange is th' wa-ays iv th' wor-rld that both iv us sh'u'd be wr-rong. I made th' mista-ake iv thinkin' they 'd cha-anged th' ball night."

Then Policeman Flynn surrendered unconditionally. He realized that he was in a trap from which there was no escape.

"I 'll go," was all he said.

Of course it was necessary to give him instruction as to his duties in the premises. He was to be present as a sort of political lieutenant to help her in her campaign for office, and

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it was important that he should do his work in the most effective manner.

"Iv coorse, Barney," she explained, "ye must give ye-er attintion to thim that has votes, and 't is not th' min in this ca-ase. Ye must da-ance—"

"L'ave me out iv that," he hastily interrupted. "Sure, 't is you that knows I never c'u'd da-ance. Oho! I think I see mesilf whir-rlin' r-round like thim fellies Barnum used f'r to bring over from some haythin la-and. Th' only wa-ay ye 'll get me to da-ance is th' wa-ay th' byes did to Regan. D' ye ray-mimber Regan, th' time they had him out to th' picnic? He was an awk'ard felly that niver had done annything more gra-aceful than carry a hod iv brick up a ladder. He c'u'd n't da-ance anny more than a cow that 's tangled in a ba-arb wire fince, but th' byes an' th' gir-rls was bound f'r to have him thry, an' so they made a peg-top iv him. Some iv th' la-ads held him while th' r-rist iv thim wound a clo'es-line r-round him. Thin, at th' wor-rd, they r-run with th' line an' he began f'r to shpin. Oho! but I can see him now! Talk about ye-er r-round da-ances? There niver

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was th' akel iv that wan iv Regan's. He'd be shpinnin' yet if he had n't gone through a windy iv th' pay-vilion."

"'T is easy da-ancin'," urged Mrs. Flynn. "All ye ha-ave to do is to gr-rab ye-er gir-rl an' go r-round an' r-round till ye fall or th' music shtops."

"Will ye wind me up?" demanded Policeman Flynn.

"Don't be ma-akin' a fool iv ye-ersilf," retorted Mrs. Flynn, indignantly. "Ye 'll ha-ave to da-ance, an' ye 'll ha-ave to talk to thim iv parli'mint'ry la-aw. Ye must luk it up so 's ye can luk wise an' use th' wor-rds like ye knew all there was to it. 'T is a gr-reat p'int ye 'll ma-ake f'r me in that, f'r ivery wan iv thim knows that th' wife iv a ma-an that 's poshted on parli'mint'ry la-aw is a val'able officer f'r to ha-ave. Ye sh'u'd hear Mrs. Bur-rke's good ma-an talk iv r-rules iv ordher an' minutes an' th' com-ity iv th' whole."

"'T is little I know iv th' com-ity iv th' whole or th' com-ity iv th' half or anny ol' com-ity," protested Policeman Flynn.

"Thin 't is time ye l'arned," answered Mrs. Flynn.

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Of course it is unnecessary to say that Policeman Flynn followed the course his wife had outlined for him. That was essential to domestic peace. He mastered a few parliamentary terms, and he went to the ball, and he danced. He "gr-rabbed the gir-rl" and he grabbed her tight, and then in solemn manner they described various uneven circles on the floor of the hall. But Policeman Flynn was not happy. "Th' grabbin' th' gir-rl is all r-right, if ye c'u'd shtop there," he said, but he seriously objected to the rest of the programme. He tried to beg off, but his wife would not permit it. Instead, she kept picking out new partners for him, and it really seemed as if the most influential members of the lodge were the homeliest. She began with girls, progressed to women, and the end came when he saw her approaching with a dumpy and awkward little woman who must have weighed in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. "How can I ta-alk parli'mint'ry la-aw whin that 's shtanding on me toes?" he muttered to himself, meanwhile looking about for some means of escape. His eye fell on an open window that seemed to have been placed there for his sole benefit.

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When Policeman Flynn struck the ground he found himself in a light-shaft, walled in on all sides. There was no escape except by means of a rope or a ladder. Meanwhile, the sounds that came from above told him there was excitement in the dance-hall, and he waited patiently to see what would happen next. When things had quieted down somewhat several heads were thrust out of the window, and his wife's voice floated down to him with the query, "Barney, are ye there?"

"I am," he replied.

"Don't ye know 't is not the wa-ay out?" was the next question, and there was a world of sarcasm in the tone.

"I 'm not lukkin' f'r th' wa-ay out," he answered surlily.

"Thin what are ye doin' there?"

His answer to this was cold and pointed, and there was something of both bitterness and reproach in the tone when, after a pause, he trusted himself to speak.

"I 'm shtudyin' parli'mint'ry la-aw," he said. "'T is a meetin' iv th' com-ity iv th' hole."

XVII

*HE RESISTS
TEMPTATION*

CHAPTER XVII

HE RESISTS TEMPTATION

THE man with the high silk hat and the fat cigar was the one who put temptation in the way of Policeman Barney Flynn. This man had been successful as a politician in a minor way, and he realized that there were elements of strength in the resourceful, conscientious little policeman who was well and favorably known to virtually every one in the ward. Furthermore, he was looking for some one to run against an old political enemy.

"Why don't you enter the aldermanic race?" he asked one day.

"Go 'way, now; go 'way from me," returned Policeman Flynn, waving his arms to keep the man at a distance. "Ye ha-ave th' ilimints iv th' contagion about ye, an' I 'll take no cha-ances."

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"What contagion?" demanded the politician.

"Th' contagion iv seekin' office," answered Policeman Flynn. "Oho! 't is a ter'ble thing f'r to a-atch, an' th' cure f'r it is not to be found this side iv th' gra-ave. 'T is like th' opyum habit, only 't is wor-rse. It dr-rags ye down an' down till ye think th' city owes ye a livin', an' if it 's back'ard about givin' it to ye, why, thin 't is f'r ye to ta-ake it from th' pockets iv th' taxpayers without askin' their consent."

"Nonsense!" returned the politician. "Any popular man who knows the ropes and has good advice can rise in politics. Why, five years ago I was doin' odd jobs for a livin', and look at me now."

"I know, I know," returned Policeman Flynn. "Five years ago ye was doin' all kinds iv jobs, an' now ye 're doin' all kinds iv min. I ray-mimber ye in th' ol' days. Ye wore a shabby suit iv clo'es an' a soft hat, an' ye was hustlin' all th' time; an' now I luk at ye, an' I see a shtovepipe hat on th' ba-ack iv ye-er head, an' a suit iv clo'es that 's loud enough to be hear-rd a block, an' a fat see-gar, an' a watch-



*"Five years ago I was doin' odd jobs for a
livin', and look at me now."*

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chain that ye might loan to th' capt'in iv a boat f'r to hold his anchor. Oho! 't is a gr-reat objec'-lesson ye are. If ye go over to Long Island whin a prize-fight 's comin' off, they 'll take wan luk at ye-er r-rig an' let ye in as th' manager iv th' show. Ye luk like a hot spoort, ye do f'r a fac'; but if I had to wear thim clo'es, I 'd think th' pinalty iv gettin' office was gr-reater than th' ray-ward. Besides, they 's no chanst f'r me to get through th' door iv war-rd politics."

"What door do vou mean?" asked the politician, ignoring the criticism of his personal appearance.

"Th' say-loon door, iv coorse," replied Policeman Flynn. "'T w'u'd be f'r me to open a say-loon be wa-ay iv startin' on me career."

"Oh, that's not necessary," protested the politician.

"R-right ye are; 't is not," admitted Policeman Flynn; "but 't is cheaper an' surer that wa-ay. Th' cost iv 'settin' up th' dhrinks is not so gr-reat if ye 're behind th' ba-ar as it is if ye 're on' th' other side iv it, an' ye ha-ave more chanst f'r to conthrol th' vote. But 't is not

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f'r me wan wa-ay or th' other. 'T w'u'd be har-rd f'r me to br-reak mesilf iv th' habit iv wor-rkin' f'r me livin', an' thin I can't f'rget Clancy. Do ye ray-mimber Clancy? Oho! he was a fine lad if he 'd only been imperv-yus to th' contagion. He was a hard-wor-rkin' ma-an, an' he br-rought his sal'ry home to th' good woman iv'ry Saturday night till he begun thryin' f'r office. Thin he had to be a good felly, an' th' money wint over th' ba-ar. 'Me eliction ixpenses is eatin' up me sal'ry,' he told his wife, 'but 't will be all r-right whin th' votes is counted.' But 't was not. A felly that kep' a say-loon beat him out, an' he had a har-rd time shtandin' off th' grocer till he c'u'd r-raise a bit iv th' ca-ash. Thin th' pa-arty give him a job f'r th' wor-rk he 'd done in th' campaign, an' 't was all up with him. He c'u'd n't br-reak himsilf if th' bad habit he 'd contracted, an' he 's r-run f'r some office in iv'ry eliction since. He dhraws sal'ry whin th' fellies he knows is on top, an' whin they 're not, he gets a bit be kitin' r-round th' war-rd an' keepin' th' min in line f'r th' nixt eliction. Oho! he has it ba-ad, f'r sure, an' 't is th' same with most iv th' r-rest iv thim that gets sta-arted that

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wa-ay. I tell ye, th' felly that gets into politics gin'rally belongs in a feeble-minded inshtitute or ilse in a sanitarium. He 's th' victim iv a microbe that takes hold iv th' shtrongest constitution an' ha-angs on tighter than a wa-alkin' diligate to a la-labor union that pa-ays him f'r makin' throuble. 'T is all wr-rong anyway. Did ye iver hear iv Cincinnati?"

"In Ohio?"

"Niver a bit. I mean Cincinnati, th' ol' Roman."

"I guess you 're thinking of the late Allen G. Thurman," suggested the politician, whose historical knowledge did not date back to the time of Cincinnatus.

"'T is f'r you to guess wanst more," retorted Policeman Flynn. "I 'm thinkin' iv th' ma-an me gir-rl Maggie was talkin' about. Whin he was elicted prisidint iv Rome,—or mebbe 't was may'r—they had to go to his far-rmf'r to let him know, an' whin they got there he was plowin' in a field. 'Tell him,' they says to his hired ma-an, 'f'r to come up to th' house an' be ma-ade prisidint.' 'Tell thim,' says Cincinnati, be wa-ay iv reply, 'f'r to br-ring th' office out to me. I ha-ave no time f'r to go chasin'

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after it.' That 's th' kind iv a ma-an Cincinnati was. No settin' thim up f'r th' byes f'r him, no hangin' on th' tiliphone-wires, no log-rollin' and thrickery, no manipulin' convintions. 'If ye want me f'r to ha-ave th' goods,' says he, 'sind them to me, an' I 'll luk thim over an' tell ye what I think iv thim when I ha-ave time.' "

"But what 's, all this got to do with the aldermanic election?" inquired the politician.

"'T is this wa-ay," replied Policeman Flynn. "I 'm goin' out f'r to do a little plowin' along me beat, an' whin ye ha-ave any political goods f'r me, ye can bring thim to me there."

"You 'll never get office that way in these days," asserted the politician.

"I sup-pose not," said Policeman Flynn.

"You have to go after it," persisted the politician.

"R-right ye are," admitted Policeman Flynn; "but there 's wan thing ye 'll notice about ol' Cincinnati that 's missin' in th' fellics that r-runs f'r office now."

"What 's that?"

"Th' politicians iv that da-ay," said Policeman Flynn, slowly, "th' practical an' profisse-

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ional politicians, had no chanst f'r to assess him
f'r campaign xpinse an' lead him a wild an'
excitin' chase f'r two or three months, an' thin
ha-and him a gold brick f'r his time an' his
money."

XVIII

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*HE QUELLS A
RIOT*

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CHAPTER XVIII

HE QUELLS A RIOT

"**F**LYNN," said the captain to the policeman of that name, "I'm going to give you the 'cripple beat' and see what you can do with it."

Policeman Flynn nodded gravely. He knew the cripple beat by reputation, and he realized that to be assigned to it was a compliment to his prowess. It lay in a district in which there were two rival factions of rowdies, who had nothing in common except an inborn hatred of the police, and it derived its name from the fact that more policemen had been temporarily crippled on it than on any other one beat in the city. The rowdies clashed at frequent intervals, and, in the general fight that invariably ensued, windows were smashed and the lives of all in the immediate vicinity were put in jeopardy by the

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flying missiles. Arrests were frequent, and the patrol-wagon had made so many trips to that neighborhood that the horses just naturally turned in that direction when they left the barn. If a single policeman endeavored to interfere when a battle was in progress, he went to the hospital in an ambulance; if a squad arrived on the scene, the warring factions scattered, and the fact that a few participants might be gathered in had no lasting effect on existing conditions.

"I 'm to ha-ave a thrial on th' cripple beat," said Policeman Flynn somewhat dejectedly when he made his daily report to his wife.

"I 'll lay in a sup-ply iv arniky an' shplints an' pla-asters this very da-ay," was her far from consoling reply. "Bad luck to thim, why do they put a little felly like you to doin' a big ma-an's work?"

"F'r because," answered Policeman Flynn, with some pride, "pluck an' raysoorce is not decided be a fut-rule or a pair iv shcales. Th' capt'in says to me, he says, 'I 've thried th' big min an' they 've not been akel to th' job, an' 't is nicissary f'r to take th' sta-arch out iv thim ri'tous fellies some wa-ay.' So 't is f'r me to

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take th' sta-arch out iv thim, but I wisht he 'd tol' me how to do it."

"There 's only wan wa-ay I know," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is astonishin' to me ye have n't tin iv thim," returned Policeman Flynn, sarcastically.

"Give me ye-er collar," commanded Mrs. Flynn by way of reply.

The policeman looked surprised, but he took off his nicely starched collar and handed it to her. She promptly dipped it in a basin of water and then held it up for his inspection.

"'T is done," she announced.

Policeman Flynn scratched his head and departed in a thoughtful mood. "She has a gr-reat head on her, f'r sure," he soliloquized. "If I iver r-run short iv ca-ash I 'll rint her out to a com-ity iv wa-ays an' means."

The first few days passed uneventfully on his new beat. The clash that had resulted in temporarily incapacitating his predecessor for work had been followed by the arrest of some of the rowdies, and the others were disposed to be quiet. Policeman Flynn put in the time making a study of the situation. He knew that they were watching him, and, like a good gen-

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eral, he desired to familiarize himself thoroughly with the locality in which his battle or battles were to be fought. It was perhaps a week after he had begun patrolling the beat that the first conflict came, and he announced the result when he reached home by the simple statement, "'T is done."

"What 's done?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"Me fir-rst job," replied Policeman Flynn.

"Ye see, 't was this wa-ay," he went on. "Th' la-ads have been sizin' me up an' waitin'. They 's no fightin' whin a new po-lisman shows up till they ha-ave a thry at him, an' they tuk a chanst at me this da-ay. Oho! 't was a big felly that sta-arted it all be ta-alkin' har-rd to me. 'D' ye think ye 'll r-run this beat?' he says. 'I 'll thry,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave ye-er wor-rk cut out f'r ye,' he says, 'ye little bit iv a sawed-off match.' 'If ye touch th' match,' I says to him, 'ye 'll find ye ha-ave hold iv the sulphur ind.' 'Shall I ha-and him wan?' he says to th' others. 'Sure,' says they to him, but 't was too late. While we was ta-alkin' I 'd wor-rked him r-round till I had his ba-ack to th' horse-trough in front iv th' say-loon where they 'd shtopped me."



"Patrolman Flynn was found standing like a conquering hero."

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"An' what did ye do thin?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

"With wan push," answered Policeman Flynn, "I tuk th' sta-arch out iv him."

"They 'll murder ye f'r that," said Mrs. Flynn. "Bad luck to thim all, I wisht ye 'd niver been put on th' beat."

However, by keeping his eyes open Flynn was able to guard against any sudden attack, and they showed no disposition to go at him openly.

"But you 'd better watch out for them when the two gangs have their next scrimmage," cautioned the sergeant. "If they can get a policeman in it they 'll quit fighting each other to do him up. Just remember to call the wagon the first thing."

"If I ha-ave time," answered Policeman Flynn, carelessly. "'T is not f'r spoort that I 've been shtudyin' th' lay iv th' la-and an' makin' fri'nds iv th' la-ads in th' injine-house."

"What do you intend to do?" asked the sergeant.

"L'ave that to me," replied Policeman Flynn.

The real conflict came two days later, and it was not Policeman Flynn who sent in the call for the patrol wagon. He was too busy.

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Something had happened to rouse one of the factions to action, and it started out in search of the other, while Policeman Flynn hastily made preparations in a side street that the mob would have to pass, but where he was concealed from view as it approached. Others had leisure to call the wagon, however, and it came on the run.

Policeman Flynn was found standing like a conquering hero, leaning on the big nozzle to a lead of hose that he had borrowed from his friends in the engine-house on the corner, but otherwise the street was almost deserted.

"What 's the trouble?" asked the driver, as he pulled his horses up.

"What stra-ange idees ye get!" returned Policeman Flynn. "I 've had no throuble at all. There was a few la-ads come down th' shreet a bit ago lukkin' f'r throuble, but they 've gone awa-ay."

"Where are they?" was the next question.

"I dunno f'r sure," answered Policeman Flynn, "but 't is me impresson they 've been hung out on th' line f'r so dhry so 's they can be sta-arched up ag'in!"

XIX

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*HE PUNISHES
THE DUDES*

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CHAPTER XIX

HE PUNISHES THE DUDES

"O H, thim judes!" sighed Policeman Barney Flynn with the air of one utterly discouraged. "They 'll drive me cra-azy, they will sure."

"If ye 're a ma-an," replied Mrs. Flynn, "ye 'll not let anny jude that iver wa-alked come over ye. 'T is you that 's lackin' in-jinoo-ity, or ye 'd not be sittin' there sighin' like a bla-ast at th' r-rollin' mill. Tell me, now, where ha-ave ye been fernii.at th' judes?"

"At th' the-ayter," answered Policeman Flynn. "'T is on me beat, an' thim pa-aper see-gar judes is in th' alley ivery night thicker than flies r-round Hogan's ba-ar."

"Is there anny ha-arm in thim?" demanded Mrs. Flynn.

"In thim fellies? Ha-arm!" exclaimed Po-

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liceman Flynn scornfully. "Niver a bit, but 't is a nuisance they are to th' ha-ard-wor-rkin' gir-rls that carries th' shpears an' th' banners in th' show, an' I 'm afther bein' asked to drive thim awa-ay."

"Why don't ye?"

"Why don't I? Oho! 't is easy said!" cried Policeman Flynn. "Why don't I? Faith I do. 'T is me goes down th' alle; no liss than tin times a night an' shoos thim all out. 'Shoo!' says I to thim, like they was chickens, an' I follies thim out, but not a wan is there within shquint iv me eye whin I r-reaches th' shstreet. 'T is a ma-avel to me, no liss, how 't is done, but ivery wan iv thim is back in th' alley be th' time I 'm out iv it."

"Is there anny place that has a ba-ack door on th' alley?" asked Mrs. Flynn.

Policeman Flynn straightened up in his chair so suddenly that he dropped his pipe on the floor.

"Oho! 't is a sma-art woman ye are!" he exclaimed admiringly. "Is there anny place openin' on th' alley? Sure, there is that. 'T is all plain as th' nose on a Hebrew ma-an's fa-ace. In at th' front door iv Casey's say-loon

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they goes an' out iv th' back door ferninst th' theayter. Oho! I ha-ave thim now!"

"What 'll ye do?" inquired Mrs. Flynn.

"I 'll drive them th' other wa-ay out," answered the policeman.

Mrs. Flynn regarded him for a moment with pitying contempt. Ordinarily resourceful, there are times when Patrolman Flynn has to be prompted as well as sarcastically criticized in order that the best results may be secured.

"Barney," she said at last, "ye ha-ave no head on ye at all. 'T is a block iv wood ye 're carryin' on ye-er shoulders, an' ye might dhrop it off without losin' anything but a bit iv kindling. 'T is f'r you to ca-atch thim judes an' ye 'll not do it that wa-ay."

"No-o," admitted Policeman Flynn, reluctantly, "ye 're r-right there. I 'm no ma-atch f'r thim at shprintin'."

"If I was a ma-an," went on Mrs. Flynn, "I 'd ca-atch thim. 'T is th' only wa-ay. R-run thim into a thrap an' ma-ake thim sorry they iverthroubled ye."

"Iv coorse," said Policeman Flynn, and he was very thoughtful as he left home. He wanted to ask for details, but he deemed it wise

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not to do so. Mrs. Flynn is exceptionally sarcastic when she gets the idea that she is doing the thinking for the family, which has a tendency to induce the patrolman to solve problems in his own original way. However, there was the light of victory in his eyes when he went on duty that night, and almost the first thing he did was to interview Casey.

"'T is mesilf," said Casey, "that 's been wondherin' why th' la-ads come trapsin' in th' wan door an' thin go pilin' out th' other. There 's no money in it f'r me, an' they 'll not get through this night."

Matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, Policeman Flynn bided his time. Never before had he left the dudes who congregated about the stage entrance so entirely alone, for he desired to gather them all in at one swoop. They were harmless fellows of the class who like to hover about, making eyes at the chorus girls and pretending to have a standing with them that they do not possess; but, as Policeman Flynn had said, they were nuisances—although of a kind numerous in every large city—and in this instance the stage entrance was so arranged that it was difficult to keep it clear of them.

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Finally, when the assembled crowd was large enough to suit him, the patrolman made his sally. Out of the alley went the youths and in at the front door of Casey's saloon, with the officer in close pursuit. This time he knew where to go when he emerged on the street, and he found in Casey's back room as panic-stricken a crowd as one often sees, for the alley door was locked and exit that way was impossible.

"Oho!" cried Policeman Flynn triumphantly, "I ha-ave ye now f'r sure! Shtand in a r-row there an' let 's see what ye luk like!" One or two of them were inclined to rebel, but they thought better of it when Policeman Flynn made a movement in their direction, and all lined up against the wall. "'T is a fine-lukkin' cr-rowd ye are, hangin' r-round here an' hopin' ye 'll ha-ave a chanst f'r to buy pussy caffies an' fizz wather f'r gir-rls that only wa-ants ye to l'ave thim alone. What 'll I do with ye?" Policeman Flynn looked them over contemptuously. "'T w'u'd contam'nate th' cells at th' station f'r to put ye in thim, but I 'll fix ye some wa-ay, ye pa-aper see-gar loafers! I 'll ma-ake ye sorry ye iver r-ran ferninst Barney Flynn an' kep' him chasin' ye up an' down th'

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alley. I 'll—I 'll—Now, what 'll I do?" Then, just as he seemed at his wit's end for a suitable punishment, an inspiration came to him. "Ha-and over ye-er pa-per see-gars!" he cried triumphantly. "Ivery wan ha-and thim over! Not a pa-aper see-gar goes out iv th' r-room this night, an' if annywan thries f'r to hold out on me I 'll la-and him behind th' ba-ars, I will so. Oho! 't is long ye 'll ray-mimber Barney Flynn! Hurry on, now, an' if I think ye 're holdin' out I 'll go through ye-er clo'es."

It was a great picture that Policeman Flynn made collecting the cigarettes, but he got them all, and fifteen minutes later he was alone with Casey, counting the results of the raid.

"Twinty-sivin boxes!" he exclaimed. "W'u'd ye think there was that much depravity in th' whole city, if ye did n't see it with ye-er own eyes? Twinty-sivin boxes, an' they 're all yours, Casey. Me job on th' foorce w'u'd be gone if they was found on me at r-roll-call."

"What 'll I do with thim?" asked Casey.

"Divil a bit do I care," answered Policeman Flynn, "only I say this to ye: If ye l'ave thim where th' cat can get thim, I 'll ha-ave ye ar-risted f'r croolty to animals, I will that."

XX

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*PREACHING AND
PRACTICE*

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CHAPTER XX

PREACHING AND PRACTICE

POLICEMAN BARNEY FLYNN had just settled himself for a quiet and thoughtful smoke when his wife interrupted his meditations.

"Barney," she said, and there was reproach in her tone, "have n't ye f'rgot something?"

"Ha-ave I?" he asked, with an assumption of ignorance, for he well knew to what she referred.

"Iv coorse ye have, ye aggravatin' ma-an," she answered with asperity.

"M-m-m, now, what can it be?" muttered Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully knitting his brow.

"Did n't ye dhraw ye-er sal'ry to-day?" demanded Mrs. Flynn. It may be said here by way of explanation that Mrs. Flynn is the

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cashier of the family, and always has pay-day marked on the calendar with red ink.

"Oho! 't is th' money ye 're afther!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn. "Ye 're like all th' r-rest iv th' women. If ye-er good ma-an do be ha-avin' a bit iv th' coin in his clo'es ye 're worried till ye ha-ave ye-er ha-ands on it. Ye wa-ant to be shpendin' iv it all ye-ersilf. Ye 're like th' confidince ma-an, ye are that. 'Give me ye-er cash,' says you to me, 'an' I 'll give ye something that 's worth more,' f'r all the wor-rld like th' ma-an that 's sellin' th' gold br-rick. I give it to ye, bein' innocint an' unsuspectin', an' what do I get f'r it? I ask ye that, Mary—what do I get f'r it? Why, hash f'r breakfast."

This impressed Policeman Flynn as being so good a joke that he laughed over it himself, but his wife replied, rather warmly, that if he did not give it to her to care for they would be begging for things to eat within a week after pay-day, and Policeman Flynn knew that this reflection on his financial management was justified. However, he was in a facetious mood, and did not intend to surrender his temporary advantage at once.

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"An' what 'll ye do with it if ye lay ye-er ha-ands on it?" he asked. "Ye tell me I'm no ma-an f'r to be handlin' iv money, but what 'll ye be afther doin' with it ye-ersilf? Oho! I know ye. 'T is like as not ye 'll be shpendin' it on Mrs. Flaherty over be th' mill."

"She 's a deser-rvin' woman!" asserted Mrs. Flynn with an emphasis that showed her charity in that direction had been the object of criticism before.

"'T is so," admitted Policeman Flynn, "but ye can't be sup-portin' ivery fool iv a deser-rvin' woman ye come acrost. Ye 'd go br-roke an' shtarve, ye w'u'd that. Ye see, Mary, 't is this wa-ay: marri'ge is a loth'ry, an'—"

"I 've hear-d ye sa-ay that befoor," interrupted Mrs. Flynn.

"R-right," said Policeman Flynn, "but 't is th' thruth, and th' thruth niver grows old. So I tell ye wanst more marri'ge is a loth'ry, an' ye can't do much f'r th' gambler that loses iverything an' shtill won't dhraw out iv th' ga-ame. Mrs. Flaherty shticks to her ma-an."

"He 's a brute iv a ma-an," asserted Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is so," assented the patrolman, "but

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while she shticks to him 't is like throwin' wather into a sieve f'r to give to her. He 's th' la-ad that gets th' most iv it. Ye must put up with manny things in marri'd life, but there do be a limit, an' 't is no ixcuse f'r kapin' ba-ad comp'ny that ye 're marri'd to th' ma-an."

"Accordin' to that," said Mrs. Flynn, with biting sarcasm, "I sh'u'd l'ave ye, Barney."

"Th' ma-an sh'u'd be over on th' Island," said the patrolman, ignoring this thrust.

"Ye 'll not l'ave me do annything f'r her?" said Mrs. Flynn, inquiringly.

"I will not."

"Ye 're a ha-ard-hear-rted ma-an, Barney!"

"I ha-ave sinse," retorted Policeman Flynn.

Now, as has been demonstrated before, Mrs. Flynn has a mind of her own, and she is not a woman with whom it is safe to be dictatorial. In consequence, she was just on the point of issuing a declaration of independence, with incidental remarks on autonomy, when a neighbor suddenly put his head in the door and called out, "You 're wanted, Flynn!" Policeman Flynn hastily caught up his helmet and departed.

As they hurried along it was explained to the



" 'They's tin dollars missin', ' she announced."

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policeman that things were in a bad way at Flaherty's. The oldest boy had hurt himself, and the neighborhood doctor who had been called in wanted him sent to the hospital. It was clearly the proper thing to do, but Mrs. Flaherty would not hear of it. She was going to have her boy with her at all hazards.

"When Bill sees how things are now," she said pathetically in answer to Policeman Flynn's arguments, "I know he 'll be good to us. He used to be a good man before—before—"

"I know," broke in Policeman Flynn. "He 'll be good—maybe," and then he added under his breath, "whin he 's in his gr-rave or th' po-lis station. I know him."

But the woman won her point. Even reason and sense must give way before the assaults of a mother pleading for her child, and the doctor eased his conscience with the thought that it was not a very serious case, and the boy probably would come out all right anyway. He knew that she was unwise, but love and wisdom do not often go hand in hand.

"But she must have assistance," he said. "There is practically nothing in the house, and

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she has no money. I 'll report the case to the relief authorities at once."

Others who had gathered expressed approval of this decision, and then left, feeling that the fact that the matter was to be put in the hands of the proper officers relieved them of responsibility. But Policeman Flynn was not satisfied. His was a practical mind, and he wanted to do something.

"I'll r-run ye-er ma-an in f'r ye, so 's to keep him out iv th' wa-ay," he suggested in the goodness of his heart.

"If you do," she returned, "I 'll scratch your eyes out."

"Luk at that, now!" he commented to himself, as he finally started for home. "She do be an onthankful woman, an' wan without sinse. She sh'u'd be ma-ade to l'ave that good-f'r-nothin' ma-an an' sind th' bye to th' hospittle, she sh'u'd that. Th' only wa-ay with thim kind iv people is to be firm an' ha-ard; but," he added, with a shake of his head, "how ca-an ye?"

He was still soliloquizing in this strain when he reached home and was called upon to tell his wife all that had happened. When he had fin-

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ished she suddenly asked, "Where 's ye-er sal'ry, Barney?"

He passed her some money, which she carefully counted.

"They 's tin dollars missin'," she announced, but Policeman Flynn was apparently deep in a reverie.

"That fool iv a woman," he muttered half to himself.

"I 'm not ta-alkin' iv th' woman, but th' tin dollars," said Mrs. Flynn.

"'T is all th' sa-ame," returned Policeman Flynn. "She do be a fool 'iv a woman, Mary—I 'll not go back on that, not wan bit; but"—again thoughtfully—"we like thim that wa-ay, an' ray-lief officers is shlow. Ye 've no idee, Mary, how shlow thim fellies—"

"Th' tin dollars," insisted Mrs. Flynn.

"I lift it with th' fool iv a woman," said Policeman Flynn, in desperation. "G'wan, now, an' don't be ta-alkin' to me."

XXI

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*HE GUARDS A
CROSSING*

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CHAPTER XXI

HE GUARDS A CROSSING

HOW Policeman Barney Flynn happened to be put on "crossing duty" was a mystery to every man on the force, but why he was taken off was well known to all of them. The "crossing men" are usually large and of imposing presence, while Flynn is small and would not attract the attention of any one who did not know of his prowess. But he was given the work nevertheless.

"'T is me size," he said by way of explanation. "Th' big ma-an is a fine thing on para-ade, but f'r wor-rk give me th' little felly ivery time. Th' big ma-an can hold up his shtick an' get ga-ay with th' dhrivers, but 't is th' little felly that dodges in an' pulls th' lost childher out of har-rm's wa-ay. Ye 'll always find it so. Did ye niver hear that th' most

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val'able goods comes in th' shmalest packages? 'T is a fac'. What ye get at th' ninety-nine cint bay-zaar has to go home in a dhray, an' what is ray-presinted be th' five hunderd dollars ye spind in a jew-lry-shtore ye can carry awa-ay in ye-er vist pocket."

Whatever of truth there may be in his assertion, the fact remains that he was put on crossing duty, and he went about his work with the same energy that characterized him in all that he had previously undertaken. He was the supreme ruler of that crossing, and he did not intend to have any mistake about it. He was exceptionally jealous of his authority, because his size tended to induce some of the more thoughtless of the drivers to treat him with condescension, if not with contempt, and nothing is so galling as that.

"Th' guardeen iv th' la-aw," he said to a burly driver one day, "sh'u'd be threated with ray-spict."

"Don't get foolish, little man," returned the driver, patronizingly, at the same time showing a disposition to ignore the policeman's uplifted club.

"Oho! ye 'd get ga-ay with me, w'u'd ye?"

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“He was the supreme ruler of that crossing.”

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cried Policeman Flynn. "Come down out iv that high-chair seat!"

The driver only laughed, whereupon Flynn, by a quick movement, caught hold of the reins and jerked them out of the driver's hands.

"Now will ye be good," he asked, "or will ye dhrive me over to th' station?"

The driver realized that he was at the policeman's mercy, and surlily promised to show all proper respect in the future.

"'T is not me own dignity, but me po-lis dignity I 'm upholdin'," Flynn explained afterward. "Ye ca-an't r-rule at a crossin' onliss ye insist upon r-rulin', an' 't is th' injane-yus ma-an that 's th' boss iv things."

Policeman Flynn certainly was ingenious, and he held the drivers who regularly passed his corner in subjection by his reputation for resourcefulness and the uncertainty as to what he would do next. When he finally humbled the contractor who was always in a hurry, and cut in and out of the line of teams in a most hazardous way, his authority never again was questioned. Another policeman would have caught the horse by the bridle some day, thrown him back on his haunches, and cursed or ar-

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rested the driver ; but Policeman Flynn never does things as others would do them. He bided his time, and finally, when the contractor was caught in a pocket and had to draw up, the policeman promptly stuck his club between the spokes of his buggy-wheel.

"I wa-ant f'r to ta-alk to ye," said Policeman Flynn.

"Take that out of there or I 'll break it!" exclaimed the contractor.

"Ye 'll br-reak th' shpoke iv ye-er wheel if ye-erhor-rse moves," retorted Policeman Flynn.

"An' I wa-ant f'r to give ye warnin' that th' nixt time ye go scootin' over th' crossin' I may damage me club, but ye-er buggy 'll go to the ray-pair-shop. Now g'wan an' don't be block-in' up th' r-road."

That settled the contractor, and thereafter Policeman Flynn was the autocrat of his crossing. But he had other troubles, and his methods were not always those that would be approved at headquarters. The advice that he gave on various occasions, while undoubtedly good, was too sharp and pointed. A man from the country secured his attention one day and told him he had been asked to cash a check for

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a stranger who had to catch a train to go to a sick wife.

"'T was th' ol' gag iv the confidince ma-an," said Policeman Flynn in telling about it, "but th' felly from th' counthry was sorry f'r him, an' he says to me, bein' in a bit iv doubt from all he 'd hear-rd iv city wa-ays, 'If you was me,' he says, 'what w'u'd ye do?' An' I says to him, 'If I was you,' I says, 'I 'd ha-ave a guardeen app'inted an' thin hire a guide.' An' he wint awa-ay ma-ad.

"But 't is th' women gives me th' most throuble. Oho! th' women! Nine out iv ivery tin iv thim is lackin' ner-rve or ilse sinse. Wan iv thim shteps out a fut or two an' thin r-runs back. Thin she thries it wanst more, an' 't is up to me f'r to iscoort her acrost. Th' nixt wan ducks her head an' goes like a chicken crossin' a r-road. I caught wan iv that kind yisterda-ay whin she was r-runnin' r-right under a pair iv prancin' hor-rses. 'D' ye think ye 're a bir-rd?' says I, 'that ye can shpread ye-er wings an' ma-ake a shtraight line?' An' instid iv thankin' me she wint awa-ay ma-ad, too."

Of course, in time the fame of Policeman

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Flynn's methods and comments reached headquarters, owing to some complaints that were made, and he was given a quiet reprimand. "Above all things you must be courteous," he was told, and, with his customary desire to master completely anything that he undertook, he went out to buy a book on etiquette. This was his undoing, for it is indeed a wise man who knows how to utilize the information in such a volume. He followed the instructions implicitly, and many a woman wondered at the elaborateness of his bow and the tactful nature of his reply when he was asked to do some absurd thing entirely out of the line of his duty; for women are occasionally unreasonable in their requests of the guardians of the law. He even kept his temper and acted with creditable discretion when he was asked to run back a block or two and see if he could find the lap-dog a woman had dropped out of her victoria. But the etiquette book was responsible for his Waterloo, nevertheless, and the night he was sent back to patrol duty he threw it in the fire before even explaining the matter to his wife.

"'T was all along iv thryin' to be po-lite an' tac'ful," he finally explained. "What 's po-lite

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an' compliment'ry to an akel is praysum'tion to a soopeer-yer. Ye see, 't was this wa-ay: a gir-rl—oh, a fine-lukin' gir-rl iv nineteen or twinty—got mixed up bechune two teams, an' was like to be r-run down whin I saw her. 'T was no time to think iv th' wa-ay to get her out. Anny wa-ay at all was a good wa-ay, an' I gr-rabbed her r-round th' waist an' carried her to wan side. 'Oh, sir,' she says whin she got her breath back, 'how an I iver tha-ank ye?' 'Ma'am,' says I, liftin' me helmet an' thinkin' iv th' book on manners; 'th' pleasure,' I says, 'is all mine.' 'Sir,' she says, givin' me a hity-tity luk an' shpeakin' cold, 'I will see that ye are ray-warded.' 'Ma'am,' says I, 'th' mim'ry iv th' ray-ward I 've already had will go with me to me gra-ave.'"

"What ray-ward had ye had, Barney?" inquired Mrs. Flynn.

"She asked me th' sa-ame quistion," said Policeman Flynn.

"An what did ye sa-ay to her?"

"I says to her, 'Ma'am,' I says, bowin' low like th' pictures in th' etikit book, 't is wor-rth more than th' r-risk I r-run,' I says, 'f'r to have had sich a beautiful bundle in me ar-rms.'"

XXII

*HE TRIES A BIT OF
STRATEGY*

CHAPTER XXII

HE TRIES A BIT OF STRATEGY

WHEN Policeman Barney Flynn approached the door of the modest little house he knew that he had one of the hardest jobs of his life ahead of him. The Captain wished to see Mrs. Miller. His reasons for this desire were not known to Policeman Flynn, and equally unknown were his reasons for not going in person to her house instead of sending for her. Many are the strange things that happen in a police station, and many are the strange motives that lie behind the strange actions. It might be a matter of pride in this instance or it might be a matter of judgment. There is sometimes an advantage not to be despised in being able to select the place for an interview; the surroundings count for much, and the one unfamiliar with them is handicapped.

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So the Captain, presumably desiring to get certain information supposed to be in the possession of this woman, had sent for her—and she had refused to come. This in itself was surprising, for it is not customary to send regrets under such circumstances. For a moment the Captain seemed on the point of going to the house himself, but he thought better of it, and sent a more imperative message. The reply was the same as before: She had done nothing that put her at the beck and call of the police, she did n't care to see the Captain, and she would not come. Then he had sent for Flynn.

"I want to see that woman, and I want to see her here," he said. "Never mind why. I have a few things here that I think will make the interview more effective here than it would be there. If she knows what I think she knows I intend to get it out of her, but—well, all you 've got to do is to get her to come with you."

"M-m-m, now, is that all?" asked Policeman Flynn, who had heard of the fruitless efforts of two others in that direction.

"That 's all," said the Captain.

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"She ray-fuses to come, an' all I ha-ave f'r to do is to make her cha-ange her mind?"

"That 's it exactly."

"Are ye a married ma-an, Capt'in?"

"Of course I am."

"I niver w'u'd ha-ave thought it," commented Policeman Flynn, whereupon the Captain laughed.

"You 're such an ingenious and resourceful fellow, Flynn," he said, "that I believe you can do it. The very fact that she refuses to come makes me more confident that she can put me on the track of certain people I am after, but it 's a mighty ticklish affair as matters are now. I have— But never mind that. You just get her."

"Iv coorse," returned Policeman Flynn, as he retired, scratching his head thoughtfully.

"'T is easy said."

This is all that Flynn knew when he rang the door-bell, but he had been doing a lot of thinking on his way from the station. He had prepared a nice little speech, which he had no chance to deliver.

"So you 've come to get me, have you?" she exclaimed the moment she saw his uniform.

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"I ha-ave," he replied, making an elaborate bow.

"Well, I 'll not go with you," she asserted.

"I knew ye w'u'd n't," returned Policeman Flynn promptly.

"Oh, you did!" retorted the woman sarcastically. "You knew it! Then why did you come?"

"'T is a bet," said Policeman Flynn with unblushing effrontery. "L'ave me in an' I 'll tell ye about it. Oho! 't is a shtrange thing—ye 'll shplit ye-er sides laughin', ye will so. Don't ye be afraid iv me," he went on, as he gently forced his way into the house, the woman being too astonished to interpose any objection. "I don't wa-ant ye; I w'u'd n't take ye annyhow, f'r 't w'u'd ma-ake me lose me bet."

The woman made a stand in the hall, and Policeman Flynn naturally had to stop there also, but he was satisfied. He merely desired to get far enough in, so that she could not shut the door in his face.

"Well, you 're the most extraordinary policeman that I ever saw!" she exclaimed. "The idea of coming here to settle a bet! I don't

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believe a word of it. You 've come to get me."

"Iv coorse I ha-ave," admitted Policeman Flynn. "I 've come f'r to get ye, but not ix-pectin' to get ye. D' ye see th' p'int? 'She 'll not come,' says I whin th' Capt'in tells me f'r to dhrop up here an' tell ye he wants to see ye. 'Iv coorse she won't,' says the Capt'in, 'but 't is only fair to thry wanst more.' Ye sec, th' Capt'in an' me knows women."

"Oh, you do, do you?" was the sarcastic comment of the woman.

"Iv coorse we do, none betther," answered Policeman Flynn. "Ivery ma-an knows woman; 't is only women that does n't. So we got to ta-alkin' iv 't in th' station, an' ivery ma-an there says ye won't come. 'T is foolish,' they says, 'f'r to sind afther her ag'in whin there 's fifteen or twinty iv us here that knows women like a book, all sayin' that she won't come.'"

"Well, of all the conceit!" broke in the woman hotly. "Know woman like a book, do you? Why, you don't know anything at all about her."

"Sure we do," said Policeman Flynn confidently.

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"The absurdity of it!" exclaimed the woman.

"Ye 're not comin', are ye?" demanded Policeman Flynn.

"No, I 'm not."

"There ye ha-ave th' proof iv it," asserted Policeman Flynn, triumphantly. "'T is what we said. Oho! we 're a wise lot iv la-ads."

"I 'm not afraid to come," insisted the woman. "I know what your Captain wants, and it does n't bother me a bit, only I don't want to come."

"Iv coorse not," acquiesced Policeman Flynn, "but ye 're not comin'. I knew ye w'u'd n't."

"Then why did you come for me?" asked the woman.

"Oho! I did n't tell ye iv it, did I?" returned Policeman Flynn, leaning comfortably against the post at the foot of the stairs. "'T was all along iv me wife. At th' station we 'd give up sindin' f'r ye ag'in, an' I was laughin' at th' idee iv annywan thinkin' ye 'd come whin she up an' says, 'Barney,' she says, 'how d' ye know she'll not come?' 'I know women,' says I. 'Ye 're a fool,' says she—"

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"She 's right," interrupted the woman.

"How can ye say that," demanded Policeman Flynn, "whin ye 're provin' she 's wr-rong?"

"What else did she say?" asked the woman.

"'T w'u'd n't inth'rist ye," asserted Policeman Flynn. "She 's like all th' r-rest iv th' women—she thinks she knows—an' she r-roasts me f'r thinkin' I know. 'T is like a ma-an,' she says, 'f'r to think he knows what a woman 'll do an' to be br-raggin' iv it.' 'But I 'm r-right,' I says. 'Ye 're not,' says she; 'If ye 're po-lite to her an' act th' gintleman,' she says, 'she 'll come.' With that we ha-ave some wor-rds, the foolish woman thinkin' she knows th' sex betther than me that 's married to a fine sample iv it, an' in th' ind she lays a bet iv a new shawl ag'in a pair iv winther gloves that ye 'll come if I ta-alk po-lite to ye an' don't thry f'r to bluff ye. So here I am, an' I win."

"Oh, you do, do you?" retorted the woman.

"Iv coorse I do," said Policeman Flynn. "I ha-ave th' gloves all picked out. Oho! 't is a gr-reat joke I ha-ave on her, she thinkin' I did n't know annything iv women. 'T will be a lesson f'r her."

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The woman looked at the policeman searchingly.

"I don't believe you," she said at last.

"'T is all th' sa-ame to me," returned Policeman Flynn, "so long as ye don't come with me."

"I believe you think I 'm afraid to face the Captain and answer his questions."

"Niver," insisted Policeman Flynn. "'T is only th' woman nixt door thinks that. Ye see, I wint there be mista-ake," he went on, as he saw her flush angrily, "an' whin I told her what I was afther she di-riects me here, an' says, 'But she won't go with ye, though, f'r she 's afraid iv the po-lis.'"

"Did she say that?" demanded the woman.

"She seemed to know ye," said Policeman Flynn blandly. "'T is a shtrange thing, too, whin ye think iv wan woman knowin' another. If me wife had as much sinse she 'd be havin' a new shawl instid iv buyin' me a pair iv gloves with fur on thim. That woman nixt door do be havin' th' sinse iv a ma-an."

"Just about as much," returned the woman. "I 'm afraid, am I? And I 'm read like a book by a lot of lazy men loafing about a police

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station, am I? Well, you just wait here a minute."

"Where ye goin'?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"I 'm going to get my hat," was the answer.

"I always did despise that woman next door anyway."

"'T is what I thought," chuckled Policeman Flynn to himself. "Ye 're always safe in figurin' on that with th' woman nixt door."

The astonishment of the men on reserve duty at the station when Policeman Flynn escorted the woman to the Captain's office was simply beyond expression.

"How did you do it, Barney?" asked one of them.

Thereupon Policeman Flynn looked owl-ishly wise for a minute, and then contributed this bit of philosophy to the store of human wisdom:

"'T is easy f'r to ma-ake a woman do what ye wa-ant if ye can keep her from knowin' what it is."

Nevertheless, to ease his conscience, he bought his wife a shawl, much to her surprise.

XXIII

*TERRY TRIES
DIPLOMACY*

CHAPTER XXIII

TERRY TRIES DIPLOMACY

TERRY FLYNN is a well-meaning lad. Like other boys, he gets into trouble occasionally, but when he is good he is most aggressively good. He not only looks out for his own conduct, but he insists upon giving the most painstaking attention to the conduct of others. His supreme self-satisfaction and arbitrary methods on these occasions are most annoying to those of his comparisons who are disposed to go astray, but fortunately his periods of intense righteousness are of short duration and occur only at infrequent intervals. If this were not so, his popularity would suffer.

It was during an exceptionally severe attack of virtue that Terry undertook to lead a youthful friend into the straight and narrow path, and

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when he experienced some difficulty in leading, he got behind and pushed. The friend—Tim Delaney by name—betrayed a desire to play hooky. He never did think much of school, anyway, and on this particular day he held it in greater contempt than ever. So he decided that he would absent himself for the day. Now, the joys of playing hooky were far from being unknown to Terry, but just at this time he happened to be on his good behavior. He scorned the very thought of deceiving his teacher, dodging the truant officer, and spending the day in thoughtless and unprofitable amusement. Ambition was stirring within his breast; he purposed to be a great and good man, and conscientious work at school was a first requisite. As usual, he wanted to bring every one else up to his high standard, too, so he not only refused to join Tim, but suggested that Tim ought to join him.

"Naw," said Tim; "I ain't goin' to school to-day."

"Aw, come on," urged Terry.

"Naw," said Tim again.

"You better," insisted Terry.

"S'm'other day," answered Tim.

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"I 'll bet you 'll come to-day," asserted Terry, as he slammed his hat down on the ground and started after the recalcitrant youth. It was all over in a very few minutes. The principal, who had been attracted by the cries of the other scholars (for the disagreement occurred almost in front of the school), found Terry sitting astride of Tim, and earnestly demanding, "Now, will you go to school?" to which Tim surlily replied in the affirmative.

Of course the object that Terry had in view was worthy of all commendation, but the principal carefully explained to him, after hearing the whole story, that his methods were not in accordance with modern ideas.

"I am glad to see that you desired to bring the wayward boy to school," said the principal, "but you should have used diplomacy rather than force. We cannot permit fighting."

Terry thought it all over as he walked home, and he told himself that he would just as soon use diplomacy as any other missile, if he only knew what it was. His desire was to make the world better, and he really did not care how he did it so long as the results were clearly defined and immediately noticeable. Consequently he

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wisely went to his father to secure the desired information.

"Oho!" exclaimed Policeman Barney Flynn, when the case was stated to him, "ye 'd like f'r to be a day-plomatic la-ad, w'u'd ye? 'T is a good thing, it is that."

"But what is a diplomat?" insisted Terry.

"M-m-m, well," replied Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully, "ye might sa-ay 't is a Chiny-man, an' thin ye might sa-ay 't is an Injun ma-an, an' thin ye might sa-ay 't is both iv thim r-rolled into wan an' also 't is neither iv thim. They do be fine samples iv r-rough day-plomacy, which is wan wa-ay iv sayin' they 're cheerful liars; but ye sh'u'd n't folly thim, Terry: ye sh'u'd have more polish. Th' Chinyman is willin' f'r to be called a liar afther he gets what he wa-ants; 't is nothin' to him that ye find him out. Th' Injun ma-an 'll talk fair to ye till he gets ye where he can lick ye, an' thin he 'll give ye th' laugh an' sail in. In wan wa-ay this thing ye 're talkin' about is th' art iv keepin' th' other felly quiet while ye 're gettin' r-ready f'r th' scra-ap, but th' la-ad that 's up to all th' thricks 'll do better than that. He 'll get what he wa-ants an' niver

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even l'ave ye a chanst f'r to call him a liar or go to fightin' about it. That 's where th' art iv it all comes in. Th' Injun ma-an's day-plomacy is so close to strathegy 't is ha-ard to tell thim apart, th' Chinyman's is plain lyin', an' th' white ma-an's is so artistic ye can't tell whether 't is lyin' or not. Sometimes it is, an' sometimes 't is not, but ye niver find it out."

"What 's it good for?" asked Terry.

"It 's good f'r th' little ma-an that has th' job iv makin' th' big ma-an give in to him," answered Policeman Flynn, promptly. "'T is this wa-ay, Terry: I ha-ave a big hulk iv a ma-an to take to the station, an' I call on wan or two others to help me, an' we throw him down an' dhrag him to th' pathrol-box. That 's foorce an' vi'lence. But mebbe I pull me gun an' ordher him f'r to go with me or I 'll put a hole through him. That 's discretion. Or mebbe I gr-rab him be th' collar an' thry f'r to yank him to th' box, he bein' bigger an' shtronger than me. That 's foolishniss. But if I sa-ay to him, 'Th' capt'in wants ye f'r to shtep r-round to th' station f'r to ha-ave a bit iv a chat,' or something like that, an' he takes it all in, an' goes with me, that 's day-plomacy.

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Ye see how it is, don't ye, Terry? 'T is th' art iv havin' ye-er own wa-ay without makin' throuble f'r ye-ersilf."

"Who was the greatest diplomat you ever heard of?" inquired Terry.

"M-m-m, well, 't is ha-ard to sa-ay," returned Policeman Flynn. "Sometimes I think 't is Li Hung Chang, even if he do be a Chiny-man; but there was another felly who c'u'd have beat thim all, if he 'd iver gone in f'r to use his talints th' r-right wa-ay. He had th' idee iv it, but 't was only spoort an' not juty with him."

"Who was it?"

"A felly be th' na-ame iv Baron Moonchowsen."

Terry was duly impressed, and for a time he sat silent, watching his mother's preparations for a feast of pancakes.

"Ye-er father likes thim," she said as she noted his attention.

"He does," he replied, and then suddenly he bestirred himself and began to help her in various little ways.

"I 'll give ye an exthra wan f'r that," she said.



“Where 's the cakes?”

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"I 'll get that shawl you left at Mrs. Casey's after dinner," suggested the boy, casually.

"I 'll give ye two extra wans f'r thinkin' iv goin' f'r it," said Mrs. Flynn.

"Luk at this vagrancy o' h' la-ad," commented Policeman Flynn.

"Did you see that man waitin' for you at the corner as you came in?" asked Terry.

"Who was he?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Give it up," replied Terry.

"Why did n't ye tell me iv it befoor?" demanded Policeman Flynn. "I hear-rd Cassidy wa-anted f'r to see me."

"Maybe it was Cassidy," returned the boy, "an' maybe he 's waitin' there yet."

Policeman Flynn caught up his hat and bolted out of the door. He was back in about twenty minutes, sadly out of temper.

"Divil a soul was there," he exclaimed, "an' so I wint on to Kelly's pla-ace to see if he was waitin'. Whin did ye see him there, Terry?"

"I did n't see him at all," answered the boy.

"I only asked if you saw him."

Policeman Flynn took a step in the boy's direction, but restrained himself from making any further demonstration.

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"Ye sh'u'd n't be playin' jokes on th' ol' ma-an, Terry," he said. "Where's th' cakes?"

"I thought from the way you hurried out that maybe you would n't be back," Terry calmly replied, as he disposed of the last pancake.

"Luk at th' day-plomacy iv th' la-ad," commented Mrs. Flynn, proudly.

XXIV

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*HE TALKS OF POLICE
METHODS*

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CHAPTER XXIV

HE TALKS OF POLICE METHODS

POLICEMAN BARNEY FLYNN was grievously troubled by a youth of the name of Horatio Mann. Horatio was a well-meaning young fellow, but he had erroneous ideas. He had read dime novels until he had become imbued with the idea that a detective is the greatest of created beings, and it was his ambition to be one. Hence his admiration for Flynn. He had heard stories of the policeman's prowess, and he haunted him. He wanted to know all about his methods and his exploits, and more than all else he wanted the policeman to get him a position on the force or with some detective agency.

"I know I'm just made for a detective," he said frequently. "All my inclinations lie in that direction, and I revel in mystery."

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It will be seen from this that Horatio spoke reasonably correct English. Indeed, he had had a fair education, the only trouble being that it had not "worked in." However, as Policeman Flynn once remarked, "a ma-an can get book-l'-arnin' anny time iv his life, but 't is not so with sinse, f'r sinse do be a nach'ral gift." Horatio had the book-learning, but he lacked the sense, and this it was that made him so annoying to the policeman. He could not be persuaded that the life of a detective was not one long romance, filled with disguises, thrilling adventures and fabulous rewards. He would make himself up in the most wonderful and outlandish way, and then drop in on Flynn to ask if that would not fool the cleverest "crook." Later he amused himself by shadowing people in the neighborhood, and writing out reports of his "work," which he submitted to Flynn for approval or criticism.

"Ye wa-ant me f'r to help ye to be a day-tictive?" said Policeman Flynn to him one day. "M-m-m, well"—drawing his hand over his chin in the old familiar way—"I 'll tell ye what I 'll do f'r ye. I 'll give ye th' po-lis ixamination an' see how ye come out. 'T is not

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Flynn counsels the amateur detection.

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ye-er pla-an f'r to sta-art in as a pathrolman, iv coorse?"

"Oh, no," answered the youth. "I feel that my talents are above that."

"'T is what I sup-posed," said Policeman Flynn. "Th' woods is full iv la-ads like you. Some iv thim wa-ants to be prisidint iv a r-rail-road, some iv thim wa-ants to be editor iv a newspa-aper, some iv thim wa-ants to be gin'ral manager iv anny ol' business that 's big enough, but most iv them wa-ants to be day-tictives. Anny way ye put it, they can do bettther than th' fellies that 's doin' th' wor-rk now. But 't is a shtrange thing to me that th' min that 's makin' na-ames f'r thimsilves at th' top is niver th' wans that sta-arted in up there. Did ye iver think iv that?"

"No-o, I can 't say that I did," replied the youth.

"Iv coorse not," said Policeman Flynn, "an' ye w'u'd n't think th' r-rule was f'r ye if ye did. 'T is not nicissary in ye-er ca-ase. Ye 're too sma-art. Well, mebbe so. We 'll thry it on. Ivery la-ad that wants to be a day-tictive has to be ixamined, an' I 'll put a few quistions to ye. Sup-pose ye was in cha-arge iv th' day-

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tictive wor-rk an' a big burglary was committed, what w'u'd ye do?"

"I 'd look for a clue," answered Horatio, promptly and confidently.

"I can see ye doin' it," asserted Policeman Flynn with a chuckle. "I can see ye goin' through th' pla-ace, an' lookin' wise, an' gettin' down on ye-er knees f'r to ixamine a bit iv mud through a magnifyin'-glass, an' thin goin' out an' measurin' th' thracks in th' mud with a fut-rule. I can hear ye sayin, 'This gr-reat crime was committed be a ma-an with a large fut an' a nail shtickin' out iv wan shoe. 'T is only nicissary now f'r to find th' shoe an' arrist th' ma-an.' Oho! ye 'd ma-ake a gr-reat day-tictive, f'r sure."

"Is not that what you 'd do?" asked Horatio.

"I 'm not ta-alkin' iv what I 'd do," returned Policeman Flynn. "I 'm ta-alkin' iv what th' gr-reat day-tictives does. If ye was a r-real day-tictive an' had this wor-rk f'r to do, ye 'd go to th' pla-ace an' luk wise, an' thin ye 'd go back an' ordher th' dhrag-net put out. Ivery ma-an that c'u'd ha-ave done it an' lots that c'u'd n't w'u'd be brought in an'—"

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"Arrested?" interrupted Horatio.

"F'r sure," replied Policeman Flynn.

"But what right would you have to arrest people against whom you had no evidence?"

"Who 's ta-alkin' iv rights?" retorted Policeman Flynn. "I 'm ta-alkin' iv th' wa-ays iv po-lis day-tictives, an' I don't want ye f'r to be botherin' me with ye-er fool quistions. Ye 'd ha-ave thim all brought in, an' ye 'd ixamine thim an' ma-ake thim prove they was n't th' wans, an' sift it down till ye 'd got it bechune a few iv thim. Thin mebbe ye 'd la-and ye'er ma-an through some wan tellin' on him so 's to keep r-right with ye, or mebbe some felly on th' outside w'u'd tip it off to ye so 's ye 'd give him a little more shwing. Oho! they 's lots iv wa-ays iv gettin' at th' fac's without tra-acin' a cr-rime up. That used to be th' ol' way, but 't is out iv date. 'First find out who did it an' thin arrist him,' was th' ol' rule, but now 't is, 'First arrist ye-er ma-an, an' thin find if he 's th' wan, or if he knows the wan ye wa-ant.' Iv coorse they 's exciptions, but this is th' reg'lar wa-ay."

"And what would be the next thing for me to do?" asked the youth, somewhat dis-

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tressed by having his ideals thus ruthlessly shattered.

"Ye sh'u'd throw out ye-er chist, puff on a big see-gar, an' say, 'T was a ha-ard job, but I done it.'"

"Is that all?" asked Horatio.

"Oho! is that all?" repeated Policeman Flynn. "If ye c'u'd see th' time some iv th' day-tictives puts in doin' it, ye 'd sa-ay 't is enough."

Policeman Flynn, it is hardly necessary to say, looks with some contempt on the average police detective, believing that he is a man who gets most of the glory, while the patrolman does most of the work, but that perhaps is natural in a man who is a patrolman from choice.

"Still, a man may do work in his own way, I suppose," suggested Horatio, after a moment of thought.

"F'r sure," answered Policeman Flynn, "but 't is a ha-arder wa-ay."

"An' if he does a really good piece of work he gets his reward?"

"R-right ye are."

"What is it usually?"

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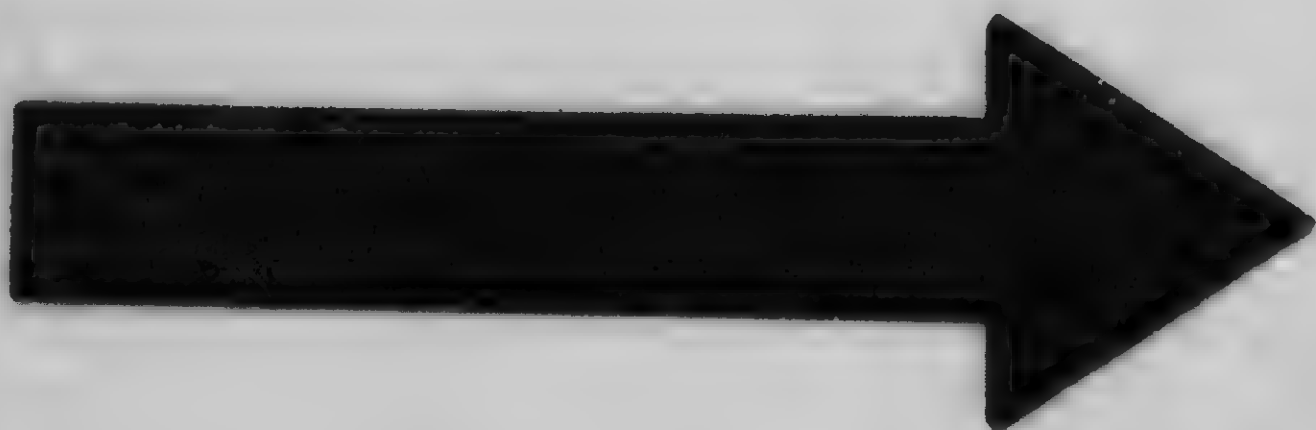
"M-m-m, well," returned Policeman Flynn, thoughtfully, "that all day-pinds. Sometimes 't is wan thing, an' sometimes 't is another. Sometimes 't is promotion, an' sometimes 't is not. D' ye ray-mimber th' time I wint down th' chute an' arristed a gang in th' cellar?"

"Yes, indeed. Did you get a reward for that?"

"I did."

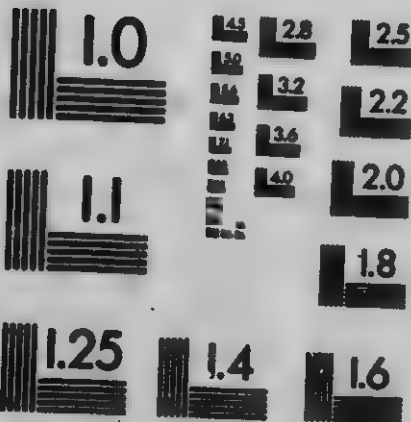
"What was it?"

"I was docked th' price iv th' coat I rooned goin' down th' chute."




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XXV

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*HE ACTS AS PEACE-
MAKER*

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CHAPTER XXV

HE ACTS AS PEACEMAKER

IN meditative mood Policeman Barney Flynn was smoking his pipe in front of his little home when the cry of "Fight! Fight!" was raised down the street and everybody started running in that direction—that is, everybody but Flynn. He continued to puff at his pipe as if there was nothing unusual going on.

"Barney!" exclaimed Mrs. Flynn, suddenly appearing in the doorway, "why don't ye wa-ake up?"

"Divil ta-ake th' pipe," commented Policeman Flynn. "'T is no betther than th' flue iv th' kitchen shtove that 's always gettin' shtopped up."

"D' ye hear, Barney, that two fellies is poundin' thimselves up over ferninst th' corner?" persisted Mrs. Flynn.

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"Ha-ave ye seen Terry foolin' with th' pipe?" asked Policeman Flynn, ignoring his wife's question. "'T is all wr-rong an' I can't make it dr-raw at all."

Mrs. Flynn's indignation at being thus ignored was so great that she promptly snatched the offending pipe away from him.

"Barney," she said impressively, "are ye th' guardeen iv th' peace or are ye not?"

"I am," he replied, "but I 'm not th' guard iv th' fights. Are ye tired iv me that ye wa-ant me f'r to mix it up with two la-ads that's havin' a bit iv throuble bechune thimsilves?"

"I wa-ant ye to show that ye 're a man an' a po-lisman," asserted Mrs. Flynn. "They do be fightin'."

"I 'm off juty," protested Policeman Flynn, "an' 't is not on me beat annyway. Sind in th' riot-call if ye think 't is r-right f'r to interfere. L'ave me have me pipe now, an' don't be afther botherin' me. D' ye think I 'm lukkin' f'r a black eye?"

"I think ye 're lukkin' f'r a chanst to show that ye 're a cow'rd," said Mrs. Flynn, scornfully.

Now, ordinarily Mrs. Flynn's aspersions on

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her husband's prowess are sufficient to rouse him to action, as has been demonstrated on many occasions, but this time the method failed.

"D' ye ray-mimber th' da-ay I come home with me coat tore an' me knuckles bleedin' an' a big lump over me left ear?" he asked.

"I do," answered Mrs. Flynn.

"I shtopped a fight that da-ay," said Policeman Flynn, and then, after a pause sufficient to enable his wife to grasp the connection, he added, "D' ye ray-mimber th' time Moloney went to th' hospittle f'r to be shtitched up?"

"Iv coorse I do," admitted Mrs. Flynn.

"He shtopped a fight that da-ay," remarked Policeman Flynn. "I tell ye, Mary, whin a ma-an wants f'r to fight 't is r-right to l'ave him have his fill iv it."

"'T is not juty," insisted Mrs. Flynn.

"But 't is sinse," said the policeman. "Ye see, Mary, 't is all in knowin' how. Whin a ma-an is fightin' mad 't is a small matther to him who he does his shcrappin' with. He 'll sta-art in fightin' wan ma-an an' ind up be fightin' another, an' 't is more satisfyin' to him f'r to take a welt at th' peacemaker than at

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anny wan ilse. If ye was on th' foorce, Mary, ye 'd larn that ye niver sh'u'd interfere in a fight until ye can lick both iv th' parties to it, f'r 't is tin to wan that 's what ye 'll have f'r to do."

"Thin ye won't shtop th' fight?" suggested Mrs. Flynn.

"I told ye, Mary," returned the policeman, "'t is all in knowin' how. Iv coorse I 'll shtop it whin 't is time. I ha-ave me eye on thim, an' I 'm waitin'."

He glanced down the street again and slowly rose to his feet.

"Whin two fellies is fightin'," he said, "an' wan iv thim is gettin' th' wor-rst iv it, 't is all r-right f'r to shtep in, f'r th' la-ad that 's bein' done up will be gla-ad to have ye; but whin 't is an even thing ye betther keep out until th' both iv thim ha-ave all they want iv it. 'T is not so ha-ard to handle a licked ma-an."

Just then Terry came racing back from the corner where he had been watching the fight.

"O, it 's a bully fight!" cried the boy.

"An' fair?" asked Policeman Flynn.

"Sure," answered the boy.

"Nobody usin' br-rass knuckles or br-ricks or knives?"

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"Oh, no! Reg'lar rough and tumble."

"An' neither iv thim picked on th' other?"

"No; it's an even thing. They've been threatening to get together for a month."

Policeman Flynn nodded solemnly.

"There do be times," he said, "whir fight-in' is in th' inth'rests iv peace. I ray-mimber whin there was throuble bechune Whalen an' Duffy; they had no liss than tin little fights that was shtopped an' they fin'ly got to heavin' br-ricks at each other ontill Duffy got his head br-roke, whin if they 'd been lift alone th' fir-rst time 't w'u'd 've been all over with nothin' wor-rse than a pair iv black eyes."

"'T is not f'r you to pa-ass on th' la-aws but to infoorce thim," asserted Mrs. Flynn, warmly.

"Ye sh'u'd shtop th' fight."

"Iv coorse," answered Policeman Flynn, "an' 't is what I intind f'r to do. Terry, c'u'd I lick th' two iv thim?"

"No-o," replied Terry doubtfully; "not yet. There's a lot of fight left in them yet."

"But they're near to th' finish?" suggested Policeman Flynn.

"Yes; they're getting winded," admitted Terry.

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Policeman Flynn took his boy to one side and whispered to him. Terry nodded and started back to the corner, where the men were still sparring and occasionally clinching. Policeman Flynn took out his watch and looked at it.

"In wan minute," he said to his wife, "I 'll give ye an illustration iv th' majesty iv th' la-aw; I 'll show ye how th' wise po-lisman shtops a fight without gettin' his head br-roke or makin' throuble f'r himsilf be sindin' thim to th' station an' havin' to appear ag'in thim in th' po-lis coort. Wa-atch me."

"I 'm wa-atchin' ye," returned Mrs. Flynn, somewhat contemptuously.

"As I tol' ye befoor," continued Policeman Flynn, "'t is all in knowin' how an' choosin' ye-er time r-right. Ye undhershtand th' thing is to shtop th' fight without th' nuisance iv havin' to arrist anny wan, an' the reppytation iv a ma-an f'r doin' things an' permittin' no non-sinse counts f'r a lot. Th' fact is, Mary, ye don't know th' kind iv a ma-an I am an' th' wa-ay th' vi'lators iv th' la-aw luk on me. 'T is better than tin to wan they 've been watchin' me iver since th' r-row begun, an' whin I

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ta-ake wan shtep that wa-ay 't will be all off.
Oho! they know me, f'r sure they do!"

"I 'm wa-atchin' ye," said Mrs. Flynn sarcastically.

Policeman Flynn gave her a reproachful glance, settled his helmet firmly on his head, and started toward the corner. In an instant there was a commotion in the crowd, the two combatants ran, and the spectators scattered.

"I tol' ye so," said Policeman Flynn, turning to his wife again.

"D' ye mean to sa-ay," demanded Mrs. Flynn, "that ye-er gr-reat reppytation as a po-lisman is what shtopped th' fight?"

"M-m-m, well," returned Policeman Flynn, "'t is half reppytation an' 't is half bein' wise an' knowin' th' right wa-ay iv doin' a thing."

Mrs. Flynn said nothing in reply, but when Terry came back she called him to her.

"Terry," she said, "what did ye-er father say to ye befoor ye wint back to th' cr-rowd?"

"He told me," answered Terry, "that the moment he started in that direction I should start the cry, 'Police! Here comes the patrol wagon!' and I did it."



XXVI

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*HE CELEBRATES
CHRISTMAS*

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CHAPTER XXVI

HE CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS

AS Policeman Barney Flynn differs little—at least, in one respect—from the average man of limited means, the approach of Christmas found him troubled, not to say pessimistic. He heard the customary talk about Christmas; he saw the Christmas advertisements in the papers and the Christmas goods in the shop-windows; he read the accounts of Christmas plans for feeding or otherwise remembering the poor; and the only effect it had on him was to make him jingle the “lucky half-dollar” he carried in his pocket, and shake his head dolefully.

“’T is th’ da-ay iv th’ rich,” he said to himself. “’T is th’ time whin ye wa-ant twinty thousand dollars f’r to do th’ r-right thing be all th’ good people ye know. ’T is th’ da-ay

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iv give an' ta-ake, an' if ye can't give ye 're ashamed f'r to ta-ake, an' there ye are. 'T was diff'rint in th' ol' days whin I was a la-ad, but now ivery wan who ha-ande ye out a two-bit sca-arf ixpects f'r to ha-ave as good or betther ba-ack from ye, an' th' ray-sult is we all go br-roke givin' things that 's iv no gr-reat use to anny wan but th' shtorekeepers that sells thim. 'T is f'r me to shtall th' good woman be a little ta-alk iv har-rd times befoor she spinds th' rint money buyin' r-red ties an' six-f'r-a-nickel see-gars be th' box."

With this object in view Policeman Flynn entered upon a systematic campaign to discourage Christmas shopping, and he did it with his usual diplomatic ability.

"Ye can't impriss a thing on th' mind iv a woman be sayin' it wanst an' lettin' it go at that," he told himself. "Ye must ding-dang it into her head without lettin' her know what ye 're doin'."

So he began to drop incidental remarks about poverty and hard times, with a casual suggestion from time to time to the effect that there would be no Christmas in that house. Later, whenever the moment seemed propitious,

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he aired his Christmas views more at length, and even illustrated them with occasional stories. All in all, he congratulated himself that he was accomplishing his purpose with exceptional cleverness and strategy.

"Think iv th' bargain days that follies Chris'mus!" he remarked one day at breakfast. "'T is th' wa-ay iv th' wor-rld. Whin ye ha-ave no money th' lads in th' shtores is thryin' f'r to ha-and things out to ye at liss than ha-alf th' cost to ma-ake thim. Oho! they 're sma-art min, those fellies. All th' year ye 're sayin' to thim that they niver thruly sell annythin' at liss than cost, an' th' day after Chris'mus they come back at ye an' say, 'We'll prove to ye now that we can do that very thing be offerin' th' goods at liss than cost whin ye 're not in sha-ape f'r to buy thim.' I tell ye, Mary, th' wise wan is th' felly that plans f'r to ta-ake thim up whin they ma-ake th' bluff."

The logic of this seemed unanswerable to Policeman Flynn, and a few days later he supplemented it by reminding her that the year before she was "near dead f'r thinkin' iv th' things ye c'u'd ha-ave an' comparin' thim with th' things ye did ha-ave, all bec'use iv th' ba-ad

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habit iv goin' br-roke wanst a year." Next, after a reasonable interval, he told about Cullen, one of the men at the station.

"Th' only throuble with Cullen," he said, "was that his hear-rt was so big an' ray-sponsive that he c'u'd n't button his vist over it whiniver anny wan or annythin' appealed to it. He had a good head, too, but 't was nawthin' beside iv his hear-rt. His head was always givin' him th' r-right tip, but his hear-rt w'u'd n't l'ave him listen to it. That 's why th' byes at th' station has f'r to dodge him reg'lar afther Chris'mus. He come to me on th' twinty-sivinth da-ay iv last Day-cimber,—I ducked him on th' twinty-sixth, knowin' th' kind iv a la-ad he was, but he cornered me on th' twinty-sivinth,—an' he says to me, he says, 'Barney,' he says, 'I ha-ave up to th' house,' he says, 'a br-right-green nicktie, an' a red nicktie, an' a polky-dot nicktie, an' two pipes, an' a box iv see-gars, an' a ol'-gold pair iv suspinders, an' some shlipppers, an' a fut-ris,' he says; 'an' the good woman do be havin' a sort iv a doily thing, an' a silk pitticoat, an' some shtockin's with pale-blue clocks on thim, an' a pink shir-rt-waist, an' a little statoo iv Vanus

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f'r to put on th' kitchen shelf, an' a wather-caraffy, an' a new taypot,' he says; 'an' th' childher has a r-red sca-arf, an' a shled, an' a pair iv ska-ates, an' a toy gun, an' a little pathrol-wagon, an' some blocks, an' a shiteam-injine.' Thin he sighs an' says, 'Barney, I niver intinded f'r to do it, but ye know how it is ye-ersilf. Will ye lind me th' loan iv a two-dollar bill so 's we can ate till th' nixt pay-day?' That 's th' wa-ay iv th' ma-an with th' big hear-rt, Mary, an' so I 've had me hear-rt ossified."

This naturally had its effect on Mrs. Flynn. "Th' poor ma-an," she said to herself; "he do be ha-avin' a ha-ard time iv it over th' money, an' 't is f'r me to help him out." So she gladdened his heart by proposing that they ignore Christmas entirely. As that was the very idea that he had in mind all along, he readily acquiesced. And yet, even in the hour of victory, he began to modify the compact, thus deliberately disproving his previous pessimistic assertions about the expected return favors.

"A bit iv something f'r Maggie an' Terry," he said, "but nawthin' ilse."

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Here, however, Maggie objected. If there was to be any such arrangement she wished to be included in it. There was no reason why she should receive any presents if she was expected to give none ; indeed, as she was receiving an independent salary for her work as a teacher, she told herself that there was all the less reason why her parents should incur any Christmas expenses on her account. As for her own money, she could do with that as she saw fit. It was right that they should be relieved of a burden that was rather hard to bear in the existing circumstances, but that was no reason why she should be deprived of the pleasure of giving. Here, it will be noticed, was another blow to Policeman Flynn's views of the selfishness that marks the modern Christmas, but of course he did n't know it. Maggie kept her opinions to herself, and merely insisted that she should be included in the compact.

Now this is an agreement that many people of limited means have entered into at various times, and they will appreciate the difficulties that confronted the parties to it. The Christmas spirit is contagious, and more than once Policeman Flynn regretted that he had been so

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far-sighted. When he saw anything that he wanted to buy for Mrs. Flynn or Maggie, he tried to console himself with the reflection, "Niver mind! 'T will be ma-arked down afther Chris'mus." But with this came the haunting fear that the stock might be exhausted before the day of bargain sales arrived. The occasional queries at the station, "What are ye goin' to buy th' good woman?" also worried him, for he feared a truthful answer would be misconstrued, and he would be put down as a miserly wretch with little affection for his family. He had one consolation, however. By tacit agreement Terry had been left out of the arrangement, as being too young rightfully to appreciate it, and so there was an opportunity to make some family purchases. Thus it happened that Christmas eve Policeman Flynn told his wife that he must get something more for Terry.

"But ye ha-ave a plinty f'r him," argued Mrs. Flynn.

"Are you th' wan that 's doin' this, or am I?" he demanded, with some asperity.

"Oh, g'wan, if ye wa-ant to," she returned, "but ray-mimber wan thing."

POLICEMAN FLYNN

"What 's that?"

"Ray-mimber Cullen, th' la-ad iv th' big hear-rt that niver meant f'r to do it."

Policeman Flynn departed with the uncomfortable feeling of a criminal who fears he has been found out, and Mrs. Flynn chuckled. Then she retired to her room and made an investigation of one of the bureau-drawers.

"'T will niver do," she commented, as she held up one of Policeman Flynn's socks and regarded it critically. "'T is a sha-ame th' min don't wear shtockin's. Now what 'll I ta-ake f'r to ma-ake it seem r-right an' proper?"

Terry noted his mother's mysterious movements that night, but he was absolutely barred from the kitchen until morning, and Mrs. Flynn kept a close watch of him. Maggie was superintending or assisting to superintend a waifs' Christmas celebration, and did not get home until late. When she did come she made a mysterious trip to the kitchen in the dark and deposited some packages on the table. With the stealthiness of a thief Policeman Flynn came still later, and his movements were the most extraordinary of all. He removed his boots before going to the room where Mrs.

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Flynn was peacefully dreaming of the surprise she had in store for him, and after leaving that room he crept into his daughter's. Then he went to the kitchen, and felt along the wall until he found two pan-hooks, to which he carefully fastened certain things that he was carrying.

He was awakened the next morning by an outcry from Mrs. Flynn.

"Barney!" she cried. "Wake up! They's been a burglar here."

Policeman Flynn rolled out of bed and hastily reached for his Sunday boots, his only other pair having been left near the outer door when he took them off the night before. This feeling that he had only to put on his boots to be fully dressed was the result of sleeping at the station on reserve duty in times of great public excitement. But now he received a shock.

"Oh, th' murtherin' divil!" he cried. "He's shtole wan iv me boots!"

"Niver mind th' boot," retorted Mrs. Flynn. "He's shtole me only pair iv silk shtockin's that I had last Chris'mus! An' I hear him now," she added excitedly. "He's in the kitchen, th' thief! Hear him laughin' at what he's done. F'r th' love iv Hiven, Barney, go down

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an' gr-rab him quick, an' I 'll folly ye with a broom. Bad luk to him! He's afther r-robbin' Santy Claus!"

By this time Policeman Flynn had got part of his uniform on over his usual night attire, and was half-way down the stairs with his revolver in his hand. Mrs. Flynn, somewhat more nearly dressed than he, followed, and Maggie, who boasted of a really pretty house-robe, joined them.

"Did he get annything from you?" Mrs. Flynn found time to ask.

"I don't know," answered Maggie. "He mussed up everything in one of my bureau-drawers, anyway."

"'T is Terry!" broke in Policeman Flynn, from the foot of the stairs.

The next moment he pushed open the door of the kitchen, and the three entered. Terry was actually rolling on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter,

"What's th' matther with ye?" roared Policeman Flynn.

For answer Terry simply pointed to a row of pan-hooks on the wall, and laughed some more. From the first hung the silk stock-

POLICEMAN FLYNN

ings that Mrs. Flynn had missed, stretched all out of shape by the statuette that protruded from one and the patent egg-beater that looked over the top of the other, with incidental lumps of large size to indicate where a little china clock, some candy, and various other things had been crowded in. Next to this was a stocking that Maggie promptly recognized, although she blushed to note the knobby shape it had assumed in its efforts to provide room for the regulation box of candy, a bottle of perfumery, a glove-box, a fantastic little pincushion and a ready-made light-blue shirt waist rolled up and simply jammed in. But it was the last thing in the row that tickled Terry the most. This was Policeman Flynn's missing boot, and loose cigars filled it to the top, with one pipe and two neckties, held in place by the cigars, nodding over the edge. There were also various packages on the table and on the floor.

"Oho!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, "I see ye 're not a woman iv ye-er wor-rd."

"An' ye f'rgot about Cullen," retorted Mrs. Flynn.

"Niver a bit," answered the policeman, "but wan might as well spind th' money himsilf as

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lind it to thim that does spind it. An' annyhow, 't is no use thryin f'r to f'rget whin 't is Chris'mus."

"I 'm glad," said Mrs. Flynn, "f'r to see ye ha-ave a bit iv sinse in ye-er head now an' thin."

A moment later she and Maggie were hurrying back up-stairs, and Policeman Flynn was looking about him in a bewildered sort of way.

"Terry," he remarked, "I ha-ave a sort iv an idce that some wan kissed me. Was it Maggie or ye-er mother?"

"'T was both," said Terry.

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